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"PUT OUT THE LIGHT."

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

The lights from the windows gleamed golden and steady,
The music came low, like the humming of bees.
Through the parted silk curtains the dancers she saw bending and waving like boughs in a breeze.

Her wild eyes were strange and her olive cheeks As, crouched behind roses and sweet mignonette She watched, with a still fascination, the turning Kaleidoscope figures that parted and met.

The dewy lawn glittered; the nested birds twit-Disturbed by the music and light underneath: Her black hair fell heedless, her pale lips, embit-

Ah! little the lord of the fete apprehended
What eyes, through the roses, were watching for The eyes that he loved were like sapphires—

By words that were curses, were gnawed by her teeth.

With sunny blue light-not these eyes dark and On his arm hung his bride, all in white, fair and

His wedding-ring shone on her soft little hand; He drooped his proud head to speak words low and He recalled not the past in a far, foreign land.

The lovely Venetian was long since forgotten—
The sweets of her lip and the warmth of her heir gondola, now, on the water lies rotten, And she may be dead—so he hopes—and at rest. The music plays sweetly, the dancers dance lightly.
The sound of soft laughter breaks out now and

then; then; he broad golden beam of the lamps hovers brightly. Where bridegroom and bride on the terrace are

While the pallor of death the man's color sur

prises; He murmurs: "Isola, why comest thou here?" "To tell this fair mistress your own wife once rested
As close in thine arms as she'll slumber to-night-

To give her sweet joy of my husband—attested To be so, by this—Madam, see you it right?" She flung down a ring, and the bride, pale as mar

Stooped, caught at the jewel, and read the nam there: there:
A bird overhead began softly to warble,
The dancers were dancing, the lights shining

But the bride did not come to the feast that awaited; She called for her father—"Oh, hide me!" cried

Laughed wildly and low, ere she died at his knee

A Woman's Hand:

THE MYSTERY OF MEREDITH PLACE.

BY SEELEY REGESTER, AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD LETTER," ETC.

> CHAPTER III. THE GOVERNESS.

A FEW paragraphs will suffice to state all that is necessary to be known with regard to the career of my uncle, Dr. Meredith. His father had been a physician before him—a successful one—and had left this very old stone homestead and its broad acres, with considerable other property, to his son, of whom he had high hopes, seeing how foud he was of the pursuits which seeing how fond he was of the pursuits which had always had such fascinations for himself. But, the first doctor had been a worker and a But, the first doctor had been a worker and a practical man; the second was a dreamer and an impractical man in many things necessary to an outside prosperity. The plain country people among whom his practice lay, were afraid of him. He was not broad enough in his humor, coarse enough in his jests, nor quack enough in his treatment to give them complete satisfaction; so their patronage was bestowed on worthier aspirants, and my uncle lived very happily with his beautiful and highbred wife, unmindful that the golden thread of prosperity was slipping out of his hands, glad not to be called away too frequently from his darling experiments in the laboratory, and his still more darling wife and child.

darling wife and child.

Little Lillian was the wonder and glory of the neighborhood. It was a sight worth speaking of when any one had seen her, or her mother—one the reduced image of the other. They rode out nearly every fine day, and the trim little carriage, the glittering harness, the jet-black ponies, and equally jet-black driver, never failed of awakening the same interest and curiosity, while the lady and child were regarded as only a little lower than the angels. Lillian had long, bright hair which rippled down to her waist, a fair, fair face, and splendid dark-hazel eyes which blazed like stars. You see, I describe her, instead of her mother. For, was she not ever, is she not still, the central idea about which all others revolve? darling wife and child.

stable not still, the central idea about which all others revolve?

It was Lillian who flew, like a gleam of sunshine, to meet me, when the lumbering stage left me, a penniless orphan-boy, stranded on my uncle's bounty. She was then ten and I fourteen. I was poor, ill-dressed, and bad. I wondered that she could be so kind to me. My father, although I, too, was a Meredith, never had been anything but a disgrace to his family. A spendthrift, with no settled occupation, he had married an uneducated woman, who yet had a heart which he could break, and who had died in poverty when I was six years old. After her death I was confided to the care of such persons as my father could induce to keep me for small compensation. When my board-bill remained too long unpaid, I would be turned adrift, and then he would find an eanother home, equally wretched with the last. Thus I had lived, in a city, too, exposed to all the associations besetting a boy who spent



I could not speak nor stir; while she, her alarm subsiding, gave me a searching look.

which he strove to eradicate my vices and en-courage my virtues I was then too young to ap-preciate. I was ungrateful. I fretted under this unaccustomed restraint. My new life would have been intolerable had it not been for the boundless passion I cherished for my cousin. From the moment my eyes fell upon her I had exalted her to a niche in the neglected temple of my soul where I daily knelt before her image worshiping her as something supremely beautiful and holy.

ful and holy.

"He is too much like his father," my uncle
would say, with a sigh, when I had deserted my
studies for some reckless piece of mischief, or
the society of the workmen of the place. "If he has been made wrong we must remake him," my aunt would answer, bending such a gentle, pitiful regard on me, as melted me, secretly, to

my aunt would answer, bending such a gentle, pitiful regard on me, as melted me, secretly, to remorse and good resolutions.

I did mean to be good, I did try; but I was like my father, and I was the victim of a most pernicious training. If Lillian, so happy, so pure, could have dreamed of my struggles, my agonies of shame, my resolutions made only to be broken, she would, perhaps, have held out her little soft hand to help me. But she regarded me, generally, with a shy curiosity mingled with a slight degree of aversion for the "naughty boy." Her evident natural craving for child-society and liking for me were held in check by opposing feelings of doubt and mistrust. I resented this bitterly while I worshiped her none the less passionately. My heart was softer toward Mrs. Meredith than any other living person. Alas! before I had dwelt a year under her soothing influence, she was snatched from us all, dying suddenly of a prevailing fever.

Her death was a terrible calamity. It made me very wretched; but when I looked into my uncle's face, I saw a shadow there which I felt would never lighten. I was very lonely the succeeding year. Lillian and I were separated more than ever. Except at table we seldom met. Possibly the mother, on her death-bed, warned my uncle to be cautious of allowing an intimacy to spring up between us, for he seemed very jealous of his child, and evidently had placed her, and the young lady whom he had procured as governess and companion for her, under limita-

ous of his child, and evidently had placed her, and the young lady whom he had procured as governess and companion for her, under limitations as to the extent of their friendly offices toward me. He did not intend to harden me, nor to rob me of the womanly influences which I secretly craved; he but sought to protect his own, while doing no injustice to me. He did not neglect me; in all his troubles, he gave daily attention to my studies, but there was a mechanism in his instruction which taught me, instinctively, that his heart was not in his work.

work.

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and tastes; she died just in time to and tastes; she died just in time to land sproperly belonging to Meredith Place, and that his means, even to selling a portion of the farmlands properly belonging to Meredith Place, and that his income from his profession was ludicorously inadequate to the expenditures of the place.

Now, instead of seeking to enlarge his practice, he shrunk more into his library and laboratory than ever. His intercourse with his own family was principally confined to the table. In vain Miss Miller, Lillian's governess, sought to entertain and amuse him, to draw him into the parlor after tea, or into a walk on the lawn with his little daughter and herself.

Young as I was at that time, I possessed a natural acumen which made me keenly sensible.

the most of his time on the street, until I was thirteen, when my father, also, died, writing, on his death-bed, a letter to Dr. Meredith, which resulted in my being sent for by him, and adopted into his family.

I did not then realize how great must have been the generosity, how keen the sense of duty of my uncle, in bringing a child like me into his house, allowing me to sit at his board, to enjoy; under restriction, the companionship of his daughter, and in devoting so much of his time to my neglected education. The patience with which he strove to eradicate my vices and encurage my virtues I was ungrateful. I fretted under this unscustomed restraint. My new life would have been intolerable had it not been for the box of the family servants, had been sent unchanged during what seemed to me so long, to the cat lay sleeping in the sun on the mat, the old settle was ranged along the wall, the pictures hum and unperceived. It was so now—but would it and unperceived. It was so now—but would it and unperceived it was so now—but would it to the arts and graces practiced by this woman upon the unconscious master of the house, along at time leisure to observe how all things remained to me so long, long a time. The ivy waved from the tower, the cat lay sleeping in the sun on the mat, the old settle was ranged along the wall, the pictures of all, heavy mortgages hung over Meredith will be destile was ranged along the wall, the pictures of all, heavy mortgages hung over Meredith will and andecity, as well as with the mild, innocent indifference of my uncle. Sheathed in the panophy of an impenetrable grief, her cuming arrows glanced from him totally unfelt and unperceived. It was so now—but would it all was so now—but would it all was powerless to glanced from him totally unfelt and unperceived. It was so now—but would it all was powerless to glanced from him totally unfelt and unperceived. It was so now—but would it all was powerless to glanced from him totally unfelt and unperceived. It was not not the provided them at

sentations.

She was a young woman whom one of her own sex would never have elected to the place which she now filled—for a woman would have read her character by intuition; while she was just the one to down and down. read her character by intuition; while she was just the one to dazzle and deceive a man. Accomplished she doubtless was; of a good family, too, and with superior recommendations; handsome, likewise, with black eyes and hair, a sparkling smile and elegant figure. But, there was indomitable ambition written on the smooth, broad forehead and rather heavy brow, and a light deep down howeith the supresessing of broad forehead and rather heavy brow, and a light deep down beneath the surface-smile of the dark eye, which was both subtle and bold. A woman not too modest, with talent for any kind of a sharp game in life, and with a restless temperament which always would be prompting to action.

Why should such a woman settle down into the quiet routine of Meredith Place?

I felt quite sure that her duties as governess to one apt and loving little pupil were not her most enerossing occupations.

to one apt and loving little pupil were not her most engressing occupations.

However, as I have said, she held the winning cards. What could a lad, with an unhappy reputation and unpleasant manners, do, in the struggle with a person of her position? If I was too sharp; if she felt that my curious regard was upon her when she was making herself all that was attractive and sympathetic to the mourning widower; if her cheek often flushed under the wicked look I forgot to suppress, she had her revenge. I felt that my uncle liked me less with every day of my stay with him; and Lillian, that sweet, affectionate child, gradually shunned me as if I were something vile ually shunned me as if I were something vile or dangerous.

or dangerous.

I could not endure this. I had the Meredith pride, if I had not the Meredith dignity. The United States took a fancy to enlarge her possessions about that time; the Mexican war passed from rumor into reality; my long-cherished purpose to run away from a home which I enjoyed upon sufferance only, took tangible shape. At fifteen I was a drummer-boy march-At fifteen I was a drummer-boy march shape. At fifteen I was a drummer-boy marching in the van or lagging in the rear of my regiment, following the stars-and-stripes to tropic skies, my fancy gorgeous with visions of a land of flowers and beauty, my ambition sweeping upward toward the gold eagle of promotion—the suffering and emui of Meredith Place sinking back into the far-away, lighted by only one ray of heavenly light—the ever-present memory of my cousin Lillian.

For her. I would win glory and renown; for

But, the broad beam crept forward and sought me out, showing me the dust, and stains, and tatters of my faded army blue. My uncle had not approved of the war, and it was not likely that he would approve of my part in it, insignificant as that share had been. Involuntarily that he would approve of my part in it, insignificant as that share had been. Involuntarily I turned to the mirror set into the wall, and glanced at the tall, stripling form, looking taller and thinner than it should from the emaciation of sickness and pain—the yellow skin, the hectic color on the cheek, the faded uniform, the broken arm still in its sling—my right arm, the bone of which had been so shattered as to have been saved only by the surgeon's careful skill, and which threatened never more to be of any great service. Why had I wandered back here? I had no claims upon my relatives; I was not loved by them. It would be better to steal away unannounced—with one backward glance to give up Meredith Place forever—than to yield to that weak craving of my heart which had led me here.

I was about to turn, at this suggestion of pride, when a shadow fell athwart the sunshine filling the door, a light step sounded, a young girl advanced into the hall a few paces, when, perceiving me, standing there like a beggar or worse, she was surprised into dropping the roses from her hands, and almost into a scream. A young creature, glowing, lovely, material—not a vision unsubstantial as a dream.

I recognized my cousin Lillian only at the second glance, such a charm had those two years worked upon her. Neither a woman nor a child;

ond glance, such a charm had those two years worked upon her. Neither a woman nor a child; indescribably fresh and radiant, like the roses

"Married again!" echoed my cousin, with a gay laugh—the idea was a novel one to her; the next instant her face clouded over, and she added, sadly, "he will never marry, cousin Joe. He never forgets, for one hour, my dear mam-

Forgive me; I always blunder, you know." "Forgive me; I always blunder, you know."
Here some one stepped out from the drawingroom, a lady, dressed in black silk, with black
hair and eyes, who chilled the sunshine for me
—Miss Miller, looking not a day older, strong
and triumphant as ever, casting upon me a
glance of cool dislike and inquiry, as if I were
an intruder whom she had a right to thrust from
the hall.

the hall.
"Miss Miller, here is cousin Joe," cried Lillian, appealingly.

"Ah," said the lady, with the slightest possible bow to me; "does Doctor Meredith know of his arrival?"

ship bow to me; "does Doctor Meredith know of his arrival?"

The inference was that if he knew, he would disapprove of it. Lillian and I both felt the meaning in her icy tones. I was so weak from sickness and weary from my long journey that I had no courage to renew the combat just then; I began to tremble, and the warmth and strength which had come to me with the revelation of Lillian's beauty and kindness, deserted me at the time when I needed them most.

"Sit down," said my cousin, drawing me toward the settle. "Joe is sick, Miss Miller. Look at his arm. Papa must doctor him up."

"Perhaps. If such is his judgment. In the meantime, you had better announce the arrival to him. No doubt he would desire to be informed of it, Lillie, my dear, if he knew how you were committing yourself."

I chafed at this reproof of my cousin, but she flew away, looking back with a smile, returning in a few moments with her father, and crying before he had an opportunity to sreek:

flew away, looking back with a smile, returning in a few moments with her father, and crying before he had an opportunity to speak:

"He has promised to cure you, cousin Joe—to take care of you until you are well. He looks so ill, doesn't he, papa?"

Her gay words took away all formality from the meeting, which I had dreaded even while I sought it. My uncle called me "his poor boy," and said, with a sad, weary smile, that he would kill the fatted calf, if he had one to kill, but that his fatted calves had gone long ago, and there were no new ones to take their place.

From this I gathered a hint of his poverty. It was not many days before I learned the

It was not many days before I learned the worst. The pretty carriage and the jet-black conies were gone; the sable groom, along with other of the family servants, had been sent

stant influence and make her his wife, I should feel more respect for her than I had yet felt. It might be that, beginning with the ambition to be mistress of Meredith Place, she had learned to love the peculiar and interesting man, still in the prime of life—the quaint thinker, the earnest scholar, the accomplished, though old-fashioned gentleman. If noble looks, fine personal gifts, talents, and a pure heart, could win this woman's regard, without money, here was the man to gain her affections. She herself had passed that bloom of youth when a girl expects a choice of suitors; she could not be far from thirty-five years of age, although looking twenty-five, and with that showy style of features and manners which would keep her looking no older for some time to come.

It has been said—I do not reaffirm it—that a

looking no older for some time to come.

It has been said—I do not reaffirm it—that a woman thinks more of marriage, of a home and settlement, than of any and all other advantages. Miss Miller doubtless came to Meredith Place with the purpose to find such settlement there; at first she was unaware of the debts burdening the fine old estate, or the real poverty of its owner; she knew only that it was a grand place and the family one in which it would be an honor to enter. When she slowly discovered the true state of affairs she mentally and all an honor to enter. When she slowly discovered the true state of affairs she probably had already allowed her feelings to dwell too fondly on its master. The Doctor was a fascinating man, even to his own sex who had intelligence to appreciate him, his singularity and originality adding to the interest which surrounded him

Inscognized my cousin Lillian only at the second glance, such a charm had those two years worked upon her. Neither a woman nor a child; indescribably fresh and radiant, like the roses she had been gathering; plenty of color in her cheeks; her eyes, so dark and bright, flashing with surprise—I can even remember the dress she wore, although our sex is said not to remark such things. But to me that vision always has remained as a picture, perfect in all, even in tint and color. The floating lilac muslin, the rosy sash, the white shoulders gleaming from a golden cloud of curls—my heart rose up in my throat and choked me. I could not speak nor stir; while she, her alarm subsiding, gave me a searching look, and as the light of recognition dawned over her face, I saw neither anger nor dislike.

"Is it you, cousin Joe?"

I held out my left hand; still I could not speak. I always had loved my little cousin, but this young girl was a new creation, and to hear her calap my hand with that eager pressure, sent a thrill through my veins which was like the quickening of the dead. In that moment I was born again to new resolves and aspirations; but it always was my fate to appear at a disadvantage. Could not answer; and when she glanced at my wounded arm, I blushed like one guilty of some wrong.

"Poor Joe! We heard you were wounded at Vera Cruz. Is it bad?" touching lightly the sling.

"Poor Joe! We heard you were wounded at Vera Cruz. Is it bad?" touching lightly the sling.

"Bad enough, Lillian," I managed to say.

"So you heard of me?"

"So your father very angry with me?"

"I hink he will be glad to hear you have come back." "Bad enough, Lillian," I managed to say.
"So you heard of me?"
"Yes, papa heard, a few months ago. Besides, we saw your name in the papers. You were reported to have been very brave."
She smiled, and I blushed yet deeper.
"I think he will be glad to hear you have come back."
"Is he well, Lillian? is he married again?"

"Bad enough, Lillian," I managed to say.

Meredith Place out of his laboratory by the exercise of the natural sorcery of her sex, she followed him into that mysterious den where the practice of various black arts went on continually. With pretty little screams and starts she would combine and dispart the elements, stifle herself with gases and stir the golden fires under the crucibles, cleanse bottles, fill retorts, blow tiny bellows, glance over learned treatises, listen to long lectures, so gracefully, so bewitch

ingly, that I marveled at the blind composure of my dear nucle under it all. In fact, the Doctor regarded her with something of the same affection he gave to Lillian; all the passion he ever had felt for weman as lover or wife slumbered in the grave of her he had lost.

Still, Miss Miller did not despair; that I could guess from her deportment. I was glad when she took to chemistry, for it removed her Argus-eyed surveillance from me, hours at a time, when I could be happy in my arm-chair or on my lounge, looking at Lillian, listening to her singing, watching her fingers busy with the needle and her embroideries.

I had begun the study of medicine. My uncle advised it, as I was unfitted for active employment; and I would have been rash and ungrateful to throw away the opportunity to read under such an instructor. I did not like ti; on the contrary I had no taste for it; but I had no other way of proving my desire to please him, and my resolution to become industrious and reliable.

Thus affairs drifted slowly on, until the world at large, and the idlers of Hampton township and village began to discuss the marvelous discoveries of gold in California. From the very first rumors which floated about, until his final decision was made, my uncle showed more interest in this subject than he had in anything since his wife's death. All the romance of his nature took fire, as he read and mused over the accounts from that wonderful country. Being a geologist as well as chemist, he felt a keen desire to examine for himself, by the light of science, the fascinating developments of the keen desire to examine for himself, by the light of science, the fascinating developments of the new El Dorado. He wanted to be free from the mortifications which hampered him, to shake off debts, duns, and depressing memories, to plunge into a new life—and, to make money. He would have this longed-for adventure, and, at the same time, he would lift the shadow from Meredith Place and set it once more to glowing

meredith Place and set it once more to glowing in the full sunshine of prosperity!

Thus he felt and thus decided. Miss Miller opposed him with dismay. But, when she satisfied herself that she had no power to keep him, she yielded, only winning this concession,—that, on no account, should he be absent more than two years. In the meantime, she would promise to remain that length of time, keeping charge of the house, and continuing the studies of her

As for me, I was to continue to abide in the house, affording it the protection (!) of my newly-sprouting beard, and making use of the splendid library of the Doctor to perfect myself, as far as mere reading could enlighten me, in a knowledge of my future profession.

A third mortgage was placed on Meredith

Place, giving my uncle the means to provide for our subsistence during his absence, and to pay his passage on one of the vessels which, as spring on, began to turn their prows toward the

land of gold.

Dr. Meredith was thus among the earliest ad-Dr. Meredith was thus among the earliest adventurers, and soon becoming known as a man of science, his knowledge and services were quickly brought into requisition. His letters were of absorbing interest, though not very frequent. The wild, the mad, the strange, peculiar and astonishing aspects of the new life were pictured to us with a vivid pen. The gambling-hells, the street murders, the incredible prices of the necessaries of life, the hardships of miners, the destructive fires, the "fever" for gold, with the varying aspects of the disease, the sudden growth of the canvas city, all the novel, and wicked, and pathetic, and outrageous lights and shadows of the picture were touched for us, and we hung over his letters as over some thrilling we hung over his letters as over some thrilling romance. Before many months he began to an-nounce that he was coining money almost as fast as he could desire. With a forethought for fast as he could desire. With a forethought for which he had his reward, he had expended a portion of his restricted fund obtained by the mortgage, every dollar which could be spared, in the purchase of quinine. His supply of the much-needed and fabulously-dear drug, united with his skill as a physician, and the constant demand upon his services, for which enormous fees were paid, soon placed him on the high road to wealth.

Miss Miller felt that she was about to reap the reward of long and patient waiting. I could read it in the flushed cheek and sparkling eye At the end of the first year came a remittance with directions to pay up the arrears of her salary, with various small debts made in the village, leaving a surplus which enabled us to

re in a few luxuries. Lillian declared she would have a new silk dress made full length like Miss Miller's, and a bonnet like other young ladies—no more hats for her! Her governess laughed and consented. Indeed, she took great pains with Lillian's sum mer toilet, causing a variety of pretty dresses and mantles to be made up, and gloves, scarfs and all the little ornaments of young ladyhood to be provided.

I enjoyed the sight of my beautiful cousin in these becoming toilets. For the first time in my life I was really happy. Our life was most peaceful. I had the consciousness of duty performed, for I was a close student, and was rely interested in and fond of my medical studie I was regaining the use of my arm; my health was improving, and with that, my looks also, as my mirror told me. I loved Lillian quietly, with intense but calm feeling; she was pleasant and friendly with me; and Miss Miller let me

Yes! I was happy, for a little, flitting time. In the middle of the summer Miss Miller bega to talk about her brother Arthur. He had bee In the middle of the summer Miss Miller began to talk about her brother Arthur. He had been overworking himself, through this hot weather, studying law in a New York city office. She had advised him to come to the country for a two months' vacation. She had seen so little of him of late years—and he was her pet; her favorite; the youngest of the family—she felt as if she must have him near her. If she could find a boarding-place not too far away, where Arthur could be comfortable—

The young mistress of Meredith Place put on quite a matronly air, as she assured her dear governess that she should not listen to such a proposition—Miss Miller's friends and relatives had the freedom of Meredith Place. How should we all feel with her brother boarding at a strange

Miss Miller kissed the sweet face held up with such animation, and as she finished her embrace I met her eyes darting at me a peculiar, searching glance. I blushed, for I knew that I felt unwilling to have another, a stranger, a young gentleman, intrude upon our quiet happiness. She smiled as I blushed, and all of a sudden all my old district and hetred stranger. sudden all my old distrust and hatred sprung

up full-armed.

Her smile said as plainly as words, that she read me, and my foolish hopes—that she plotted against me—and that now, as ever, she held the

In a few days Arthur Miller became our gu From the instant I met his eye and touched his hand, I hated him a thousand times more intensely than ever I had hated his sister. I confess that my impulses are not to be relied upon that I am not well-governed; that I was madly jealous of him,—and yet, withal, I am certain that I had true grounds for my dislike. Jealsharpened my glance, but, in this instance, ot discolor it.

Arthur Miller was two or three years older than myself—young enough, but, at that age, giving him immense superiority in the eyes of young ladies—a superiority of which I was keenly sensible. He was very handsome, as far as features, form, and complexion could make him so. To me he was never tolerable looking, him so. To me he was never constant, because I hated the smooth smile, the red lips because I hated the smooth swile, and the bold. formed for treacherous words, and the bold, bright eyes, so like his sister's. He dressed elaborately, was graceful, self-possessed, and his silken mustache was "sweet to see," I suppose; I could not appreciate him. My clothes were shabby and old-fashioned, and I had even outgrown them: I was not exactly and hed little grown them; I was not graceful, and had little self-possession under such disadvantages. Still, I did not under-rate myself. I was handsome, too—or would be in a year or two. My face was an honest one, and his was not.

I saw that he was pleased with Lillian's ex-

quisite beauty; I knew he had resolved, before he had been under the roof of Meredith Place one evening, that he would do his part in furtherance of his sister's desires and designs—whatever these might be.

All was plain enough to me. Dr. Meredith was coming home, rich. Miss Miller, not satisfied with the expectation of becoming the sharer of his fortune, was eager for her favorite brother to "feather his nest" also. It would be pleasant for her to bring about a marriage between him and Lillian. They could all live under one roof, enjoy together the fruits of their labors,—while I—was it reasonable to suppose that Meredith Place would be a happy home for me, when these changes had transpired?

Already I began to feel the old desolation;—already I was a wanderer! in imagination. Arthur Miller had not been our visitor a week before Lillian neglected me for him. It was natural she should do so. He had the charm of newness, and a thousand other charms. He was gay and attractive, making the acquaintance of dozens where I would not have found time or way for one. The village young people began to find out what a charming haunt the old brown villa was. We were invited to pic-nics and evening parties made for Arthur Miller, and to find out what a charming haunt the old brown villa was. We were invited to pic-nics and evening parties made for Arthur Miller and Lillian Meredith. The pretty toilettes did good service. We gave entertainments in return. Lillian was intoxicated by this first sparkling draught of social enjoyment. She had lived so very secluded that this gayety had the power of novelty;—and then she was so lovely and so sweet in her manners that she was flattered and petted almost beyond bearing with equaand petted almost beyond bearing with equa

I went to all the merry-makings because my I went to all the merry-makings because my cousin insisted, and because my jealousy would not allow me to stay away. It was misery to see them together; yet I could not remain at home, poring over my books, and imagining those two enjoying each other's society. My constant wish was for the two months to elapse, when Miller would return to the city.

His vaction passed, and more. Then Miss

His vaction passed, and more. Then Miss Miller announced that Arthur was so delighted with the country, his health so much better here, and it was so much easier for a young man to obtain a start in his profession in a vilage than in a city, he had resolved to open an easier in Hamuton, and remain at least for the office in Hampton, and remain at least for the

I saw Lillian smile and blush at this intelligence. The programme was carried out, the office secured; and Arthur, although no longer a guest, became almost a daily visitor at the old mansion. I felt that Miss Miller had acted dishonorably in thus throwing her brother upon Lillian's attention, during the absence of her father. If she really believed Arthur a suitable and exceptable companion for her much ble and acceptable companion for her pupilshe should at least have waited for the sanction she should at least have waited for the sanction of her father's presence. It was hardly fulfilling her duties, as she had promised and assured, to permit and encourage such an intimacy during Doctor Meredith's absence.

Lillian yet was only touching upon womanhood—sixteen that summer—and to inveigle her

appeared to me, under the circumstances, the basest of treachery. If I had liked the young gentleman and approved of him, I should have left the same. As it was, I hardly knew what

Putting all else aside, my own desires or hopes, I could not reconcile myself to seeing my cousin in the nets of these two spiders. It would not do to write and say as much to Doctor Meredith, since he had more confidence in Miss Miller than he had in me.

After much besitation I wrote early in the

After much hesitation, I wrote, early in the winter, begging him to come home as soon as convenient, but giving no special reason, except that Lillian had become a young lady, and Meredith Place needed a master to keep admirers in

awe.

His intention was to return in the spring, and this letter could not much shorten his term of

CHAPTER V

IN LIGHT.

IT was May when Dr. Meredith reached Meredith Place. My letter had found him involved in business which he could not immediately desert. Probably he attached no great importance

to its injunctions.

A telegram from New York informed us of the household his arrival and gave the ladies of the household hopportunity to order a festal dinner, and to adorn themselves, as ladies will on such occasions, to give welcome to the long-absent mas-

As I sat on the porch which commanded a with the apple and peach-blows, Miss Miller also stepped out for an observation. For a moment she was unaware of my presence and I had full opportunity to read her face, which wore an eager, passionate, expectant look, betraying all her hidden love and hope. She was dressed magnificently, in black velvet, low on the shoulders, with brilliants clasped about her bare neck and arms. In her black braids she wore only a bunch of apple-blossoms. Her cheeks, usually rather sallow, were red as a young girl's. She must have expended all her hoarded salary on this extravagant dress so unsuited to her posi When she saw me she started, biting her

lips in a momentary embarrassment.
"The stage is late," I said, rising; "where is Lillian? "Oh, she is at the front gateway. She will

"Oh, she is at the front gateway. She will meet her father there."

I went out and joined my cousin. I knew that Miss Miller had planned to meet Dr. Meredith alone, where she would dare to betray a tender agitation at the meeting, and when, in the excitement of the moment, she might involuntarily allow him to perceive not only what a splendid woman she was, but how deeply interested she was in him

woman she was, but how deeply interested she was in him.

So let it be! Since Lillian was lost to me, the affairs of the household might quietly slip into the hands so long awaiting authority. My own plans were laid, as well as they could be, in my situation. As soon as my uncle was settled at home, and I had rendered an account of my stewardship, I would leave Meredith Place forever. I would not say that I had left it forever, but such was my resolve. I would go into some but such was my resolve. I would go into some hospital in New York or Philadelphia where I could receive instruction in return for my services; I would be a good physician, an honor to the old line; while, as for the rest, Heaven knew!—life appeared stale and unprofitable emonch.

I trembled as I stood silently by Lillian's side. I had not been alone with her for days and weeks. He was always in the way. Today, however, he kept his distance. Miss Miller had too much tact to allow him to be too suddenly intruded upon the notice of the long-

absent father.

"You are very exclusive, of late," remarked my cousin, with a half-pout, as she leaned over the gate, looking up the road, and not at me.

"You are not my old Joe any more."

What a fool I was to be pleased with these words! When Arthur Miller was away she could find leisure to coquet with me! I de-

could find leisure to coquet with me! I despised myself for the thrill of pleasure which ran through me, and fighting it down, answer-

ed, quietly:

'I've been very busy. When the Doctor is safely home I expect to take my departure, and I have preparations to complete."
"Cousin Joe, are you going as "Cousin Joe, are you going away?" she asked, quickly, turning and laying her rose-leaf

hand on my arm.

I thought she looked grieved, that the tears sprung to her eyes, and I never could bear the way she had of saying "Cousin Joe," without losing all resentment, so I answered much less bitterly than I had felt a moment previous.

us:
'I must go. This is no longer home to me.
aust work, and I must go where work is to be

But, Cousin Joe-Then the rattle of the wheels was heard, and Lillian sprung outside the gate, forgetful of all; a cloud of dust rose up into the pink and white

quisite beauty; I knew he had resolved, before blossoms which made one long bower of the lady; the saloons were beginning to freshen up and prepare for business for it is by wight ountry road; the galloping horses came into ght, and the driver, with a style and flourish leant to do honor to his passenger, and to Mere-

meant to do nonor to ms passenger, and to mere-dith Place, drew up before the entrance.

I saw the Doctor leap out, and turn to assist a young lady who had sat by his side; but Lil-lian had seen nothing saving her father's dear face, and she clung to him so fondly, with tears and laughter, that he had finally to disengage her loving arms.

her loving arms.

"Lilly, my child, here is another who needs a welcome home. Call her Inez. or mother, or Mrs. Meredith—what you please—only be friends with her, for my sake."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 384.)

THISBE.

She lives in the smoky city, Low down by the railway line; She asks for no man's pity, Nor cares for verse of mine.

She's moving hither and thither, And often her work is hard: But sometimes in fine weather She rests a bit in the yard.

With the empty pail behind her, She leans her arms on the wall, And hopes that there he'll find her, Her lover, strong and tall.

Up in the air above her
The great trains outward go;
And many a lass and her lover
May journey to Jericho.

But when he stoops from his doorway, And leans his arms on the wall, The world would be in a poor way If that were not best of all.

The Velvet Hand:

THE IRON GRIP OF INJUN DICK

A Wild Story of the Cinnabar Mines. BY ALBERT W. AIKEN. AUTHOR OF "INJUN DICK," "OVERLAND KIT,"
"BOCKY MOUNTAIN ROB," "KENTUCK THE SPORT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII-CONTINUED.

It was plainly evident that the dusky maid fully believed that she spoke the truth when she declared that but for her, Blanche, the vel vet chief would have joined fortunes with the red braves, the masters of the lava rocks and the great northern wilderness, but the thought was folly! What was she to him, or he to her If he came near the cottage at all it was to wo the waiting-maid, Zimena, and the proud beauty smiled in scorn at the thought.

The night was growing apace; she turned o enter the house, and was amazed to behold tall, dark form advancing slowly around the rner of the cottage.

It was an Indian-a brawny chief wrapped p closely in a ragged blanket He ducked his head gravely upon perceiving hat he was recognized, and uttered the saluta

ion so common to the half-civilized red-man of the West.

The girl, well used to the Indians from early childhood, perceived at a glance that this brawny brave was no Californian savage; no red-skin west of the Rocky Mountain range ever boasted such a build.

Upon the appearance of the chief the thought that he was a companion of the girl naturally occurred at once to the senorita, and the Indian oon put that idea to flight. "Bad squaw--McCloud girl," he said, grave

y, nodding his head in the direction taken by the Indian maid. "Chief watch her come hink mebbe she do bad-keep eye on her, you et, bully boy!"

Blanche then understood that the red-man

"Do you know her?" she asked. "Mebbe yes-not much bad egg! no good McCloud but dead McCloud! Chief see her come—see her creep like wild-cat—think, mebbe, she mean bad-chief 'ante' up too; she no 'pass,' he 'come in'—all good white men say chief old, tough son-of-a-gun!" This was the most peculiar savage that the

girl had ever seen. What tribe is the chief?" asked Blanche,

curious to know from whence he came "Blackfoot-tribe fur off-many sleeps away. O-wa-he is a great chief among his -like white braves too; white chiefs call him Mud-turtle.

The girl had never encountered a member of the Blackfoot nation before, and therefore it was no wonder that she did not recognize the stranger's nation.

"Chief hungry," continued the brave, impressively; "like grub-much grub, mebbe pose white squaw gives chief fodder, he watch see that bad McCloud squaw no come back.

"Certainly; come with me." Blanche conducted the red-man into the kithen where his arrival produced quite a senation among the servants.

Bidding the housekeeper provide a substantial meal for the red-skin the girl withdrew to the privacy of her own apartment, there to meditate in solitude over the strange events of

Mud-turtle had astonished the servants by his uncouth appearance, but he still more as-tonished them by his enormous appetite and the wonderful command which h over the miner's slang common to the moun-

When the housekeeper, an aged dame of un-certain temper, told him that he was as big as n elephant, and could eat as much, he replied placidly that the statement was "too thin." and that she had better "walk off on her ear.

And then, when the hostler of the establish ment, a wilv little Mexican, took a fancy to peculiar tobacco-pouch which the Indian wore about the only thing really that was of mucl value that the chief possessed, and expressed a vish to purchase it, the Indian whipped out a deck of dirty cards from some hidden reces and offered to play a game of poker, the Mexcan to stake a certain sum of money against the article.

Now, as the hostler rather prided himself ipon his skill with cards, he gladly accepted the challenge, but the nimble-fingered Sanchez was a very bungler compared to the stolid savage, for cheat as outrageously as the Mexican could, the chief cheated still better, and mine, a high-toned chap, jest the cuss to work within half an hour Sanchez had lost every valuable that he possessed.

And then, as if sighing for new worlds to onquer, the savage folded his blanket around | he had the rocks to start things-" him and stole away, his stomach full and his pockets well lined, thanks to the hostler's desire to possess the tobacco-pouch.

CHAPTER XIX.

LET UP, OLD MAN.

THE dusk of the evening shades was falling fast upon the town of Cinnabar. The miners were beginning to pour into the town, fresh "I couldn't think of it," Velvet Hand replied, from the mountain gulches and the toils of the

and prepare for business, for it is by night only that the saloon in the mining town does much trade; like some huge beast of prey it

slumbers while the sun is high.

Velvet Hand had just finished his supper in the restaurant of the Occidental, and was posing himself outside the hotel, leaning against the corner of the building, trimming his nails with the little pearl-handled knife, ever his con

stant companion.

Like the saloon-keeper's the gambler's trade thrived only by night, and the keen-eyed Velvet Hand was waiting for the coming of the Californian in order to indulge in their nightly

encounter at the card-table.
"He can't possibly keep on at this rate much longer," Velvet Hand mused, in meditation, talking to himself after the fashion of men who make few friendships. "At the rate he is going on, the earnings of the richest lode in Califor nia wouldn't supply the dust, and I know that the mine is not doing much; and then, when he is shaken out, who will stand between me and mine? At last the Cinnabar lode will come back to me; not that I care to work it myself, for there are too many unpleasant memories connected with the spot, but no other man shall make money out of it And when his grip is forced from the mine, what then?—what is there left for him—and for her?

Ah! these women are always in the way. "My lord dook!" cried a hoarse voice, clos to the ear of the meditating man, b'lieve me eyes, or kin I not? Am I dreamin', or is this a wakin' hour, when things air as they seem an' whisky is not?"

Turning, Velvet Hand beheld the person of the redoubtable bummer, the veteran, Joe

"How air ye, me noble dook?" continued the vagabond, ducking his head in graceful salutation. "Velvet Hand, ole pard, how goes

"Well, what do you want?" the sharp asked, abruptly, and with considerable asperity in his

"Ye're jist ole business, every time, ain't ye?" Mr. Bowers exclaimed, in unbounded admiration. "Ah, pard! I reckon that you ain't changed much, though you hev shaved off that big beard an'h'isted on the velvet togs. ow, by Saint Patrick! you look bully!

Velvet Hand surveyed the bummer for an stant, a peculiar expression upon his face. nd the vagabond, quick to read a man's thoughts in his face, saw that the sharp was uncertain how to receive him.

"As a friend, mighty satrap!" he hastened to "I'm with yer, tooth and toe-nail exclaim. Glad air these aged eyes that they look onc' ag'in upon yer noble face, an' if you feel in-clined to stand the drinks for the sake of old times, I'm yer man. Never be it said that ole Joe Bowers refused to h'ist with a friend!"

"A friend, eh?" quoth Velvet Hand, doubtfully; "well now, I am not really certain that I am a friend of yours or that you are a friend

"Not certain, me lord!" Joe Bowers exclaimed, pathetically. "Oh! kin I b'lieve me own two lookin' ears-kin I trust the eyesight of me smellers? Oh, rocks! think on the old time, when in cahoots we bucked ag'in' Kentuck's game an' bu'sted his consarn. Mebbe it wasn't a man about my size who warned you when the Egyptians came down 'like a wolf on the fold!' Oh, no! it was the man around the corner! The original Joe Bowers war not to the front! Who played ghost in the Cinnabar lode and kept the miners out'n it, eh? Was

it me or some other man?"

"You think you know me?"
"Most noble dook! you kin bet ducats onto
"cried Bowers, solemnly. "I knowed yer the moment I set me peepers on yer, altho I give you me word as a white man that I had an idea that you had quit the game and 'cash-

ed in your checks' long ago."
"I guess I'm still in the flesh," the sharp

quietly returned.
"Well now, I reckon that you air!" the bummer protested, admiringly. the galoot that sed you wasn't; he'd be my meat, or else my name ain't Joe Bowers! Sav air you still keepin' yer eye on the Cinnabar

strike? Why do you ask such a question?" Velvet Hand inquired. "What is the Cinnabar mine

to me? 'Tain't as deep as a well nor as wide as a church door, but 'tis enough," replied the bummer, in his ridiculous, theatrical way. "Rocks, as I sed a min'ite ago, I reckoned that you had quit the game long ago, an' I constituted my self your heir.

Indeed? is that so?" "True as preachin', me noble dook; as you had lost yer grip on the Cinnabar lode, I reckoned that I could spit on my hands and wade

"Who do you think I am?" asked the sharp,

"Oh, I know ver like a book!" the bumme ejaculated, with a series of knowing winks You can't fool this old coon much, I tell yer Your handle is Dick Velvet-now Velvet Hand -but I knew yer name was Richard some thing else, and then ag'in when Cherokee was to the fore, an' I reckon thar's a few men in this town that would tremble even now ef somebody was to howl out that the Death Shot of Shasta war round, but I won't give it away wild elephants couldn't tear the thing from me! I'm your man, I am, an' I jest con you now to say fair and squar', ef so be as how ou've got your eyes on the Cinnabar mine, to et up, old man, an' gi'n me a show fur my

Velvet Hand had listened with astonishment to the latter part of this speech.

What have you to do with the Cinnabar mine?" he asked. "Why, I've got a leetle rake in thar," Bow-

"How so? I don't understand; you don't mean to say that you have any share in Del

Colma's speculation?" "Oh, no, not at all, but he's about played out, an' when he quits my pardner jumps in," Bowers explained. "You hear me, noble lord: it was all through me that this Californian came to invest in the mine at all. I knowed that it was a good thing, richer'n thunder if the right vein is ever struck ag'in, an' struck it will be one of these days, you kin bet yer boots on it! Well, thar was an old pard of sich a thing, an' I-thinkin' that you were played for good as I sed afore—told him of the Cinnabar strike, an' he h'isted Del Colma in, fur

"If I understand your plan correctly; you intend to 'h'ist' Del Colma out!" Velvet Hand

abruptly interrupted.
"That is our little game; but, as I sed afore I had no idee that you were ever comin' to the fore ag'in, an' so, ole pard, I says to you, fair an' easy, let up, old man, if so be as you're goin' for the Cinnabar strike, an' lemme git my little

in his softest manner.

"No!" cried Bowers, in tragic accents.

"No, not by a jugful!

"You're goin' to run the thing yourself?"
"That is what I intend to do; maybe I may not be able to make the ripple, though," the sharp suggested. "You can take a hand against me if you like; the game is an open e, vou know.

Me noble dook, I seek not sudden death!" Mr. Bowers exclaimed, loftily. "Oh, no buck ag'in' you, nary time, this chile will not. I

draw out!" "Are you for or against me?"

"For you, every time—unwonted gold you kin bet onto that!" the bummer responded, promptly. "I reckoned that, mebbe, you promptly. "I reckoned that, mebbe, you might not be willing to see the Cinnabar consarn tossed round like a football, an' I made up my mind to hev a talk with you afore I took another kick at it. I 'pass'—count me out. Yer name is Velvet Hand—you bet; I never knowed you by ary other, I savvey. Say, kin you trust me fur a dollar?"

The sharp silently placed a five-dollar gold-piece in his hand, and Mr. Bowers departed in high spirits. There was trouble ahead he was sure, and in troublous times he thrived.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CALIFORNIAN MEETS HIS MASTER, VELVET HAND watched the bummer swag-

ger off with a quiet smile.
"That fellow has been of use in the past and may be so in the future," he murmured in meditation. "So there is another party after the mine, eh? That is a bit of information worth knowing. It was cheap at five dollars, and who is it? Am I wresting the mine from the Californian that another may step in and enjoy it! Oh, no! whoever the party is he will find that when I shake it out of the hand of the Californian it will drop into my paw and I'll hold it with a grip of iron; neither man nor devil shall wrest it from me!"

But in the list of adversaries the iron-willed relvet sharp had not counted woman.

The figure of the Californian, striding up the treet with a gloomy brow, interrupted Velvet Hand's meditations.

"Hallo! here comes my bird!" he muttered, and out of sorts, too, if his face is any index to his mind. What brings him out so early? He is rarely abroad until after dark." Del Colma marched straight up to Velvet Hand and the gamester noticed, to his aston-

ishment, that his eyes were fairly flaming with He paid no attention to the friendly nod of

the sharp, and it was quite plain that the Cali-fornian's errand was not a pleasant one. "I want to speak with you a moment if you will have the kindness to follow me," Del Colma said, anger plainly visible in both face and voice.

"Lead on, sir, I am entirely at your service," the other replied, taking no notice whatever of the peculiar manner of the mine-

Del Colma marched up the street, Velvet Hand following close at his heels, until they were fairly beyond the line of the town.

The gloom of the night was growing thicker and thicker, and yet there was still light enough for the two men to plainly distinguish each other's features. The Californian looked carefully around him,

aw that they were secure from observation and not likely to be interrupted, as they were some distance from the road. "Now, then, sir, a few words with you!" he exclaimed, haughtily.

The manner if not the matter of the speech grated upon Velvet Hand's ears, and he felt strongly inclined to reply in kind; but, as he hadn't the slightest idea of how he could possibly have offended Del Colma, he restrained the impulse until he could learn the reason for the rude treatment, and so replied, quietly:

"As I said before, I am entirely at your "Who are you and what am I?" Del Colma You are one man and I am another," Vel-

vet Hand answered, coolly.
"I am a native Californian, a descendant of a long line of Spanish nobles, whose blood is blue and who trace back to a kingly source!'

Del Colma exclaimed, haughtily. "What you say may be true for aught I know," Velvet Hand observed, almost contemptuously, "or for aught I care," he added, but that you are any the better as a man for springing from such a race I deny. The Span-

ish nobles you speak of were a set of blood-thirsty robbers if history tells the truth, and no descendant of Hernando Cortez and his gang has any reason to boast of the fact. "My race were the owners of all this land once!" the Californian cried, hot with rage at the aspersion cast upon the character of his ancestors, and yet unable to deny that the old conquerors had rather overstrained their pow-

"Yes, your race stole it from the people of Montezuma and we North Americans wrested it from you, which simply proves we are the superior people! The Californian fairly ground his teeth in "Go on, go on!" he cried; "it is but right

er in dealing with the simple-hearted natives.

miserable gambler, for within the next ten minutes either I will kill you or you shall kill Velvet Hand looked astonished at this outburst of rage; he could hardly believe that his

that you should make me mad with rage, you

words could have provoked such a storm of "Oh, we are to fight, then," he said in his cool way. "With all my heart, only I should like to know what we are going to fight

"Oh, you know well enough!" the Californian cried, bitterness in his tone. "Do I?" and there was considerable doubt

visible in his voice as he put the question "Yes, we fight because I am a wretched native Californian and you are a noble North American; but, wretched as I am-the decendant of an old race fast dying out, melting away under the influence of your superior civlization-I spit upon and despise your people. There is nothing in common between us; the blood of the Californian and Anglo-Saxon can no more mix together than oil and water can mingle

And so we must fight because we are of different races, eh?" Velvet Hand exclaimed, totally at a loss for an explanation of the Cali-

fornian's fury.
"Yes, yes!" Del Colma cried, hastily. am fully aware of the honor which you intend to do me, but I cannot accept; I must kill you to prevent it. Come, sir, will you fight or must I spit in your face to heat your superior blood to the fighting point?"

"Oh, I wouldn't do that!" Velvet Hand cried, quickly, flaming into sudden anger, "for a fight wouldn't follow, but a murder, for I should kill you on the spot without giving you "I couldn't think of it," Velvet Hand replied, the slightest chance for your life.

You kill me, you miserable thief!" Del

Colma shrieked, excited beyond the bounds of endurance, and then lifting his hand he struck the Cinnabar sharp a violent blow in the face. n a second Velvet Hand sprung upon him. He wrenched the Californian from his feet as though he was but a child and forced him over flat upon his back, pressing his powerful knee upon Del Colma's chest; then he drew forth his glittering bowie-knife.

Del Colma was half-stunned by his sudden downfall but he had sense enough left to understand that he was utterly at the mercy of the man whom he had so wantonly provoked.
"Strike" he cried, wild with impotent rage; "the blood of a degenerate nation may be in my veins, but I do not fear to die."

Kill you, eh?" cried the victor, with a bitter smile; "oh, no, that is not my game. You called me a thief and now I'm going to brand you as a liar. Your life I'll spare but I'll put a mark upon you that will endure to your dying day! The letters L-I-A-R I'll carve on your forehead!"

'Oh, for heaven's sake spare me that!" fairly yelled Del Colma, white with rage and ter-"death rather—death I beg!" Why have you attacked and insulted me

so grossly—a man who never injured you?" You, a gambler, would marry my sister! I know how you meet her in secret-how you gave her a love-token which she accepted!" hissed Del Colma, almost choking with rage.

'A love-token!" cried Velvet Hand, in astonishment. "Why, I never met your sister but once, and then I happened to stop her runaway horse after she and the saddle had parted company with the beast. And when she thanked me she saw the diamond ring gleaming on my finger—the ring which you gave me as a surety for the gaming debt you owe

—her ring, which you had no business to thus
dispose of. She, never suspecting the truth,
instantly jumped to the conclusion that it had been lost, and found by me, and asked me if I had found it, and I—the poor, mean, miserable thief of a gambler—lied to the girl rather than tell her that her own *noble* brother had given me the ring as a security for a gambling debt." "Is this truth?" Del Colma exclaimed, to

tally bewildered. 'Truth!" cried Velvet Hand, roughly; "do you want me to drive my knife through your throat and let out some of your hot blood that you use such ugly words?"

(To be continued -commenced in No 380.)

PEARL-LILIES.

BY FRANK M IMBRIE.

To-night I ope'd the casket,
Where your gifts lay cool and fair;
Placed one spray upon my bosom,
And the heart-beats throbbing there
Shook the pearl-formed valley-lilies
Like flowers trembling in the air.

Then on memory's outward billows
Sailed my freighted barque of thou
And I touched the summer glory
Of a dream-land, fancy-wrought—
Drank the wondrous, witching glory
Of ambrosia, poison fraught.

Ah, the fate-spilled, wasted nectar Touches quivering lips to-night; And the gift-pearls glow and glimmer, In the borrowed splendor's light; As the sweet, dead hours grow vivid By the tear-drops, flashing bright. In this misty, tear-drop mirror

I see you waiting there
For the rustle of my coming—
For my step upon the stair,
Smiling when you see your answer
On my bosom, in my hair.

'Twas a quaint, suggestive answer
To that dear request of thine:
'If you love me, oh, my darling,
Let those fair pearl-lilies shine
On your bosom, in your tresses—
Then I'll know your heart is mine!"

And the wooing semi-darkness
Could not vail my answer sweet,
For your glad eyes learned the secret
Of each vibrant, wild heart-beat;
And Love's strong enchantment held us,
In a triumph all complete.

Then—but why recall that moment?
Why live o'er a dream like this?
Let it perish with the memory!
Can it? Ah, that deathless kiss
Holds again my maddened pulses
In the thralldom of its bliss.

Force the bands around the casket; Hide the fated gift from sight, For I cannot feel the wisdom Of a Father's hand to-night:

Sowing the Wind;

THE PRICE SHE PAID.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL, AUTHOR OF "VIALS OF WRATH," "WAS SHE HIS WIFE," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XLI. "HERSELF!"

PAULINE found Jocelyne sitting beside the PAULINE found Jocelyne sitting beside the window, from which she had removed the woolen stuff, enjoying the cool breeze that swept strongly in, laden with suggestions of rain. The scars were being hidden by a thunder-cloud that was rolling up more densely black with every minute, and low down in the horizon fierce flashes of rose-hued lightning were darting.

The lamp was extinguished, and at first the room seemed pitchy dark to the girl coming from the brilliant radiance of the rooms below:

from the brilliant radiance of the rooms below but she soon became accustomed to it, and was glad to tell of her strange discovery where no tell-tale light would disclose the horrid suspi-cions she feared her face might reveal.

She deposited the portmanteau on the floor, and laid the flannels on the chair, then went and eat on the floor at Localyan's feet.

and that the flames of the char, then we take the floor at Jocelyne's feet.

"Miss Jocelyne, I told you of the man found murdered in the Park—murdered by a stabwound—and that no clue was found. What would you think if you suddenly came across a stabbing-knife, rusty and discolored, and hidden away?"

Her eager, intense voice excited Jocelyne's curiosity at once.
"What would I do? I should think I had found a clue. What do you mean, Pauline?"
The girl's black eyes glistened in the fitful,

The girl's black eyes glistened in the fitful, lightning gleams.

"I mean," and her voice sunk to a low, sibilant whisper, "I mean, Miss Jocelyne, that I found such a thing just now, down-stairs, in Miss Iva's closet—she tried to kill you, didn't she? If she would do one she would do the other wouldn't she?"

Jocelyne sprung to her feet, excitedly.

"Oh, Pauline! what dreadful thing do you say? Iva murder—oh, Pauline!"

"Then what does the little rusty weapon mean? It is what you call a stiletto, a poniard,

mean? It is what you call a stiletto, a poniard, a dagger. What is it doing there? They couldn't find it at the time!"

couldn't find it at the time!"
Jocelyne was shivering perceptibly, and her dark eyes had a piteous, horrified light in them.
"It cannot be! Oh, it cannot be, Pauline! I can understand why she would wish me dead, he was a stranger to her—an utter

I can remember how strangely she has acted ever since. I remember how she has been unusually careful not to send me to that closet. I see now. I can recall how wakeful she has been, and how she insisted on having the door between

her sleeping-room and mine open. Miss Joce-lyne, before God, I believe there is something

Her black eves were shining luridly, in strange

ontrast to her ghastly, horrified face.
"And to think Mr. Ithamar will marry her! To think he will have for his wife a woman who

To think he will have for his wife a woman who secretes a stiletto that none could find when a man stabbed to death was found justat her door! Miss Jocelyne, what shall we do? God guide us—what must we do?"

Jocelyne leaned back in her chair, pale, horror-stricken at the awful suspicion that had fastened on them both. The girl's earnest words—that Mr. Ithamar would marry such an one—were like probes to her sick heart. What ought she do? What was her duty? Surely, surely, he must be saved; at least, he should know the terrible suspicion—then, do as he thought best.

Pauline had re-curtained the window and lighted the lamp, while Jocelyne sat collecting

ighted the lamp, while Jocelyne sat collecting I cannot tell, I dare not tell, what we should do. Pauline, don't ask me. I am going away to-morrow—going away where no one will ever know me, where I will never hear of my darling again. I will go, and then, after I am gone, if you wish to tell him, you can. But you will ever break your promise to me concerning

elf? You have promised, Pauline, never to tell im I am alive." Pauline's face was growing sternly calm. The

litter in her black eyes was giving place to a teady, resolute light.
"I promised you, Miss Jocelyne. Mr. Ithamar

will never hear from my lips the words that you are alive. You may believe me."

"I do believe you; you have proved yourself a dear, good friend. I never can recompense you for your kindness, but I will pray God to bless you and save you from the woe I have seen and suffered."

The girl reverently, affectionately kissed the fair, white hand that lay on her shoulder.
"I would die to see you happy again, Miss

Jocelyne'"
Jocelyne's low, pathetic voice was infinitely touching to hear. "I shall never be happy again, in this world, Pauline, but the remembrance of your kindness will be a bright spot to look back upon. And now, as I have so much before me for to-morrow, I think I will try and sleep to-night. Undress me, Pauline, as you used to do—oh, so long ago—and I will try to imagine for one little

long ago—and I will try to imagine for one little moment it has all been a hideous dream."

Pauline gently unrobed her, and put on a dainty lace-trimmed night-dress. She unbound her lovely hair, that rippled below her waist.

Then she dragged in a mattress from the store-room adjoining, and with sheets and blankets made a comfortable couch—a pitifully humble bed, in such strong contrast with the queenly young creature who so thankfully laid herself upon it.

upon it.

"I had better take the key, Miss Jocelyne, for I will want to come in and take a nap myself by and by. You can trust me with the key?"

"With my life, Pauline, if it were necessary."
And, as Pauline gently closed the door, the last glimpse she had of Jocelyne was as she knelt beside the chair, her dark hair falling like a cloud over her, her fair hands lightly clasped, her beautiful face bowed in silent, earnest devotion.

Pauline made her way cautiously down-stairs, not desiring that her mistress should know of her presence in the house. In the lower hall she heard the sound of voices bidding their host and hostess good-night, and she knew she had just time to secure the stiletto and rear had just time to secure the stiletto and rearrange the closet so that a cursory glance would not excite suspicion, before her mistress came up for the night. She glanced in her own little bedroom to see that everything was in order for the maid who was to occupy her place for the night, and then, with the pale calmness on her face, and the steady, resolute light in her eyes, she went down by the side stairs as Rose went to her room for the night by the front stairs.

She crossed the hall, and rapped at the libra-y door, waiting a second or so in a transient ry door, waiting a second or so in a transient tremor of apprehension. "I will do it, if I die for it! I told her I would not tell him she was alive—I will not—but he

Mr. Ithamar's voice bade her enter, and she

went forward, pale, resolute, but strengthened by a grand resolve. He spoke kindly to her, with his never-failing courtesy.
"Well, Pauline, you wanted to see me? Will

"Well, Fathine, you wanted to see he? Whi you sit down?"

"Mr. Ithamar, I wish to see you on important, very important business. Sir, would you please shut and lock the door?"

He looked gravely at her pallid face and scared eyes, then walked over to the door and closed and locked it. Then he came back to where Pauline sat, with a small parcel in her lead.

Now, Pauline, I will listen to whatever you His grave, tranquil tones, so at variance with

His grave, tranquil tones, so at variance with the subject she had to announce, made it seem a matter of wonder to herself that it was so.

"Mr. Ithamar, first I will ask you to forgive me for daring to take such a liberty as I take in coming to you at all. But I did not know what to do, or where to go. I was frightened and worried—because of this, sir."

She unrolled the paper and laid the stiletto on the table—the stiletto that had taken Ernest St. Felix's life in the hands of Ernest St. Felix's wife.

Mr. Ithamar looked at it with quiet, unsus-

picious eyes.
"Well, Pauline? What is there in this to de-

Her voice was eager, low in answer.

"Oh, sir, don't you remember no one could find the instrument with which the man found in the Park was stabled?" Mr. Ithamar's face instantly assumed an ex-

Mr. Ithamar's lace instancy assumed an expression of intense interest.

"I was not at the moment thinking of the murdered man. Where did you find this? You did perfectly right to bring it to me. So far as I can remember the wound was about the size and shape of this dagger. It doubtless will furnish a cipe."

He was examining it with keen interest, not looking at the piteous fear on the girl's face, never supposing but what she had found it somewhere in the grounds.

She did not immediately answer, and her since the supposition of the supposition

She did not immediately alswer, and her sizelence attracted his attention. He looked up, startled by her face, her eyes, her agitation.

"What is it you still have to say, Pauline? Have you any suspicion you wish to tell me? You may be sure it will not be used to your own disadvantage. Where did you find this?"

"Oh, sir, I found it in the closet in Miss Iva's recent."

He echoed the words mechanically.

"'In Miss Iva's room!'"

"Hidden in a pile of clothing where it must have been put when it was wet, for there are rust marks where it touched. Mr. Ithamar— what should it be doing there?"

He stood staring down on the degger the

what should it be doing there?"

He stood staring down on the dagger, the grave, quiet look on his face gradually giving place to one of agitation and questioning. Then he suddenly looked straight in her eyes, with such a keen, scathing light in his own blue ones that it made her tremble.

"Pauline, what do you mean? You find a little toy stiletto among your mistress' clothes, and from that fact you infer—that she, my betrothed wife, is-is-a-murderess?"

The word seemed to inspire her courage, spoken though it was in a tone of cold, clear contempt, yet in a way that was courteous.

She arose from her chair, every gesture she made, every flash of her eye, every tone of her voice, attesting to her own belief in what she

"I do not know, Mr. Ithamar, what I do think. I only know that the stiletto was there, think. I only know that the stiletto was there, and that no clue was found to the instrument that caused the murdered man's death. I only know that the woman who would attempt to take the life of her rival would not stop at a take the life of her rival would n

She was thinking of Jocelyne now—sweet Jocelyne, alone in the dismal attic room. Her grave womanly courtesy of address, her modest yet brave demeanor, commanded his attention. He drew a chair up to his table, and requested her to be seated again, strangely interested, in spite of himself.

"Now explain to me fully Pauline, what you

Now explain to me fully, Pauline, what you mean."
She refused to take the chair, but stood oppo-

site him.

"Mr. Ithamar, will you grant me a very great liberty? a very great favor? Will you let me ask you three questions, and will you answer them frankly? Remember, I have lived under this roof since Miss Jocelyne was a little girl—grant me the favor for her sake."

A look of pain swept across his face as she

A look of pain swept across his face as she leaded for Jocelyne's sake.

He answered her kindly:

"I think you may venture to ask me what you wish, my good girl."
"Then, sir, did you love Miss Jocelyne?"
A flush, first of resentment, then of anguish, crossed his face.
"Pauline, I loved Miss Jocelyne as I never loved another woman."
"Do you love Miss Iva?"

There was a fascinating something about the odd, eager questions that influenced him

strangely.

"She will be my wife, Pauline."

The excitement in her eyes deepened. She leaned over the table, nearer him.

"Would you be a happier man to-night if Jocelyne were alive and well?"

Haspring to his feet.

He sprung to his feet.

"For God's sake, question me no further! I ave granted you a privilege for her sake, and you use it to harrow my very soul."

He walked to and fro several minutes, while he watched him closely.

"Sir, I do not mean to harrow your soul. dod beloing me, you will find you've no better

God helping me, you will find you've no better friend than the servant who waits upon your future wife. Mr. Ithamar, could you bear to be told that I have seen what I supposed was Miss Jocelyne's ghost, but which I will swear

He looked at her with dumb, wild face.
"Was not? Then, in God's name, what was She leaned nearer him, and answered:

CHAPTER XLII.

"ITHAMAR, BEHOLD!"
"Herself! Why do you torment me so?
Herself! When you know, and I know, she died and was buried. Pauline! I have borne all I can from you. You must leave me now."
His countenance was anguished, convulsed with woe, and he almost staggered to onen the with woe, and he almost staggered to open the

with woe, and he almost staggered to open the door for her.

"I will go, sir, in one moment. But before I go, I will tell you that, although you saw her lying in her coffin and laid away in the vault, although you have mourned her dead these months—I swear, before God, it was herself, her sweet living self, I saw, that you saw, that Miss Iva saw! It is a strange story, sir—shall I tell you? Will you believe it, or doubt as I did, until I could doubt no more?"

He stood like some petrified statue midway between the table and door, his blue eyes burning with wild, awful fire, his grand face ghastly, his strong frame trembling like a woman's.

"Tell me! In God's name, explain, quickly!"
His voice was broken, hoarse, as he reeled against the wall for support.

"You have heard of cases of suspended animation, sir—cases where bodies have been buried while in that state? You have heard of people being rescued, of coming back to life again?"

again;"

He stood listening in a perfect agony of horrible suspense, and yet, hardly able to grasp what she meant.

We be added by little Jocelyne rescued from

'Rescued! My little Jocelyne rescued from

He said it in a quick, hollow whisper.

"Rescued, sir, from the coffin where she was placed through the merciless hatred of her rival—the lady who is to be your wife. Can you comprehend? Do you understand that Miss Iva. thamar's attempt to remove her failed, and that she was rescued by the man who was found lad in the Boyle not Mr. I kin but Sainteen. ead in the Park—not Mr. Ixion, but Sainten

whom we all know!"

Her eager words fell on his ears like hot coals. Her eager words fell on his ears like hot coals. He stood there, motionless, dumb, petrified into an awful horror. He had a dazed look in his terror-stricken eyes, and a dull, vague sensation of being in some hideous, waking dream. He seemed to be but partly conscious of his own condition, and when at last he did gather strength and volition to speak, his voice soundnatural and far away

Pauline went up to him, and laid her hand on

"If you will tell me one thing, Mr. Ithamar— tell me in all sincerity, tell me as a matter of life and death—I will answer you. Do you still love Miss Jocelyne better than any one else? Would it be your greatest earthly happiness to see her

ere, as she used to be? A sudden, unearthly glory shot over his face at the picture her words suggested. "I would exchange my whole life to once more have her with me again—my little love, my one,

It was enough. Pauline had settled the only doubt she had entertained, that possibly Jocelyne had been right in saying he had forgotten

"Wait here—wait until I come. You will?" His glittering blue eyes were full of feverisl unrest and anxiety, and he was in a state of ter unrest and anxiety, and he was in a state of terrible nervous excitement, the while it seemed that he was not able to perfectly realize all she meant. But he gave her his promise, and she fairly flew up the stairs, and let herself into Jocelyne's room, where she still found her wakeful and restless.

"I cannot get to sleep, Pauline. I do not know what can be the matter, but I feel so strangely."

strangely."
"Your nerves have been upset, poor dear, with

all you've undergone. If you are wakeful, suppose you take a farewell tour of the house again? Everybody is in their own room, and I will see that the coast is clear. Would you care to go?"

Everybody is in their own room, and I will see that the coast is clear. Would you care to go?"

Jocelyne sprung to her feet.

"Oh, yes, yes! I must have one more look at —at—Guardy! Where is my dress, Pauline? Are you sure no one is up?"

"The house is still as a mouse. You need have no fear. And, Miss Jocelyne, if you are determined to see Mr. Ithamar again, I will tell you he is in the library. You can see him from among the shadows of the drawing-room."

The burial-robe donned, the two proceeded

The burial-robe donned, the two proceeded down the stairs, Pauline first, and Jocelyne following like a veritable spirit, with soft, noise-The drawing-room door was ajar, and Joce-

lyne crept in, keeping in the densest shadows, cautiously fearful lest she should possibly be seen, while Pauline kept behind her.

The folding-doors were partly open, and from her shadowy post of espionage, Jocelyne looked in and saw her lover sitting beside the library table, his head drooped upon his breast, his arms folded in a weariness of misery that touched her to the very heart.

to the very heart.

She stood looking at him, all her soul yearning over him in this last pitiful farewell glance, all her passionately-loving heart in her splendid dark eyes—when the gas was suddenly lighted, and she stood revealed before him, and Pauline's excited voice rung shrilly out:

and she stood revealed before him, and radine's excited voice rung shrilly out:
"Mr. Ithamar—behold!"
He sprung from his chair with a cry of rapture and awe, as he had done the night he believed he had seen her ghost, while Jocelyne, frozen into an awful agony, that she had, after all, intruded herself between him and happiness, stood like a statue.

on, introduce hersels between matter apparess, stood like a statue.

One second of deathlike stillness followed.

Then Ithamar's voice was in her ears, and his arms were madly crushing her to his breast, and she was conscious that he loved her as he never

Pauline had discreetly withdrawn, and for an hour the two exchanged their sacred confidences, while over and over again Jocelyne related her story, and over and over again heard from her lover's lips the assurance that he never had ceas

Into the sacredness of such an interview no one should seek to pry, and we forbear to lift the curtain on that sweetly solemn occasion, such as is not given to any to know but they who, like them, have come up from great tribulations. lations.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CHAPTER XLIII.

ALL FOR LOVE.

Rose St. Fellx had bidden her lover goodnight, and had gone to her room, where, according to her instructions, a brilliant light was burning, as it was ordered to burn every night. She had given her maid Pauline permission to be absent for the night, and in her place one of the maid-servants from below was to remain for companionship.

ompanionship.
The night was storm-boding, and the lightning

The night was storm-boding, and the lightning flashes darted in rose-hued zigzags across the dark sky, and the distant mutterings of thunder were reverberating almost ceaselessly.

She went to the window and looked out into the coming storm, with a soul no less gloomy and troubled than the wild night.

All through the evening she had been in unusually bright spirits, and now, when the shadow of her coming doom loomed thickly around her, she tried to imagine it the natural reaction. She took a novel she was reading and tried to interest herself in it, but in vain. She was restless, troubled and strangely ill at ease. She took out some wedding finery that had been sent up from New York that day and tried it on, but even that failed to enchain her attention.

"I am completely distrait to-night; it must be the electrical effects of the storm. I will see if I can sleep my blueness off."

She disrobed, putting on her dressing wrapper; she unbound her hair, letting it fall in a rich, lustrous shower to her very knees. She carefully put away her jewelry, and then—performed the act she had never missed of performing a night since—.

She went to the closet to ascertain if the dangerous secret was safe. She knew the exact fold in the flannels where she was to thrust her hand. She thrust in her hand—to find the sti-

and. She thrust in her hand—to find the sti-A panic of fear seized her. Could she have

been mistaken as to its exact location? She tore off the garments in a perfect frenzy of alarm, and found it was absolutely gone.

A sensation of alarming weakness and horror ossessed her as she tried to realize what its ab-

ence meant.

She staggered to a chair, overcome with the she staggered to a chair, overcome with the heavy burden of premonition and gloom that overwhelmed her. She knew the fact of the stiletto having been found in her possession was damaging. She knew the secret of its place was hers no longer. Who had found it? And finding, was suspicious enough to take possession of it?

She early not sit still in her chair. She arese

She could not sit still in her chair. She arose

She could not sit still in her chair. She arose and paced the floor, trembling with the nervous chill that had seized her. A dread fear seemed settling on her like a funeral pall, that settled lower and lower, heavier and heavier with every passing moment.

"Something will happen—I know it. I have exceeded myself; I have gone beyond the bounds I set myself. The doom is at hand; I feel it like a tangible clutch at my very heart. They will discover that I killed him; they will hang me—me—oh, God!"

She clasped her fair hands around her throat, tightly as she dared, feeling a slight sense of sufcation as she did so.

"Never! They shall never hang me! I have cheated Fate itself; I will cheat the law if it dare assert itself. I will not be caught unawares."

awares."

Her face was pale, and her hands seemed to have lost their brave cunning as she unlocked her writing-desk and taking therefrom a small crystal vial of pale fluid, put it in the pocket of her wranger. crystal vial of pale fluid, put it in the pocket of her wrapper.

"It shall never leave me night or day, not a moment. It means sure, sudden death. I have forfeited my soul for human love and human good long ago, and one sin more will not matter. My future I dare not tbink of; my past I dare not recall; my present—ah, even it is imperiled! I—I—Rose St. Felix, once good, and impocent, and true have only an experience.

periled! 1—1—Rose St. Felix, once good, and imnocent, and true, have only an eternity of torment to look forward to!"

She relocked her writing-desk—an elegant, costly toy, with its little silver key, and looked of the rose workmanship.

at its rare workmanship. For laces and jewels and silks and money for love! Oh, my God, if ever a woma And for love! Oh, my God, if ever a woman was lost for love it is I! I will go down to eter-

nal perdition loving him!"
She looked around the handsomely-appointed "I cannot tell why, but I feel that I may be taking my farewell of these things. Well, I have lived like a queen. I have been waited upon, and feted and fawned upon. I have worn that dead girl's shoes well. No one dreams who I am—the fraud, the murderess!"

She resumed her weary promenade, her eyes

She resumed her weary promenade, her eyes brimming with excitement, her face pale with emotion, that paled even more as there came a rap on her door, and Pauline curtseyed as she was admitted.

was admitted.

"If you please, Miss Iva, would you step down in the library one moment? Mr. Ithanar sends his compliments, and would like to see you if you have not retired."

She thought how odd it was that Pauline had not yet gone, but in the sudden start of fright the year greened her all other feelings were

ssage caused her, all other feelings were

Had Mr. Ithamar found the stiletto? It was her one, only thought as she descended the stairs and entered the library door, which stood open, and through which a flood of brilliant light streamed.

open, and through which a flood of brilliant light streamed.

She walked in, to see Mr. Ithamar standing before her, with Jocelyne Merle nestling in the embrace of his arms.

His white, stern face struck awful terror to her guilty soul. Her eyes, black as midnight and dilated with despairing horror, stared into their faces, and then to the stiletto that lay on the table, gleaming dully in the gaslight.

She said not a word. The time of her woe was come. She slipped her hand in her pocket, and clutched the delicate crystal vial.

"I sent for you to tell you you were found out, at last—to tell you I blush that your name is the same as mine—to tell you that although you so nearly wrecked my life, you have not succeeded in utterly destroying it. Viper! That stung the bosoms that warmed it! Treacherous, vilest of the vile, your punishment is at hand!"

She could hardly believe it to be Florian Ithamar's voice, so awfully hard and cruel were the words, the tones. Still she made no answer, but the busy fingers were loosening the cork from the vial.

"It is well you have nothing to say—you, who are as

from the vial.

"It is well you have nothing to say—you, whom the gallows awaits—you, who are as guilty before God for your attempt to take my darling's life as for the blow that murdered your other victim!"

A slow smile gathered on her face.

"But I have something to say. I have to tell you that the woman who was to have been your wife, who has received your caresses, has heard your love-words, was something even more than

wife, who has received your caresses, has heard your love-words, was something even more than the jealous murderess who stopped at no obstacles in her path to win you. Shall I tell you I was the wife of another man when I promised to become yours? Shall I tell you that the man I stabbed to the heart was my husband? Shall I tell you that I have cheated you all ever since I first saw you? That I am not your cousin, Iva Ithamar, who really was killed in the railroad accident, but Rose St. Felix, who was reported killed? Do you want to hear the story of how I personated her? of how no one, not even you, suspected me? Do you want to hear how you have harbored a desperate woman who might have been good had not her Destiny ordered otherwise? And now—I will end the

grand tragedy. I have cheated you from the first; I have cheated myself and am going to eternal perdition forever; I will cheat you, and the law, to the end!"

She drew forth the uncorked vial and poured

the contents down her throat; then stood smiling in their awe-struck faces for one second.

Then she fell heavily to the floor, and when they picked her up, she was beyond all human aid.

Our strange story is ended, and we need not linger upon the events that followed—first of which was the almost immediate and private marriage of Mr. Ithamar and Jocelyne Merle, and their departure abroad to escape the natural sensation the affair caused when it became known

came known.

The faithful Pauline was installed as chief of the large corps of servants who remained at Westwood during the Ithamars' absence, and

Westwood during the Ithamars' absence, and who, with their many friends, accorded them a glad triumphal welcome on their return.

And their lives flowed peacefully on, undisturbed by the petty annoyances of life, which sunk into nothingness in comparison to the actual trouble they had known.

And, blessed in each other's love, Ithamar and his fair wife, Jocelyne, thank God for the calm and the sunshine after the long, terrible storm that so nearly wrecked them.

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The "Queen's" Secret Agent, are some of the character-cast to a most singular and absorbingly-interesting story, wherein women intrigue for love and men intrigue for lucre. Three trains of incident and three lines of actors, at first unrelated, become involved and lead to one denouement. The conflict of woman's

LOVES, HATES, PITY AND AMBITION,

and the art, maneuver and plotting of un scrupulous men schemers give the talented author fine vantage ground for his brilliant portraiture of men and women whom thousands of readers will recognize at once as noted characters in Metropolitan Stage, Society and Lawcourt circles. The story, therefore, is a "Mirror held up to Nature" which is quite likely to create a sensation.

Sunshine Papers.

Musketoes.

A SMALL subject, but-oh, my! If you think they are not of enough account to fill a Sunshine Paper, how dreadfully unacquainted with them you must be! Why, do you know their merits? their accomplishments? their characteristics? their habits? their virtues? If not, you are not prepared to speak of them with disdain, nor to banish them from literary fame. Too long have these tiny crea tures been ignored in both poetry and prose. It is quite time that some one should give them ce in print.

With the antecedents of the musketo, I will not weary you. By whose will the musketo first became a resident of this mundane sphere, is a subject concerning which I have my own theological belief, but the discussion of which I do not care to enter into, at present. The merits of the musketo are numerous. They send you in from the croquet-ground, when your excitement in the game causes you to forget that the "early dews are falling" and your dress and boots are excessively thin. They afford excellent excuses to young ladies for leaving that pretty nook in the rocks, or that mossy seat on a fallen tree, and joining the other pic-nickers just as the tete-a-tetes in which they have been indulging with their attendant swains become a trifle too personal. They will not allow you to remain comfortably upon the piazza after the sun sets and malaris is in the air. They are always conveniently ready to bear the blame of naughty little im precations that are made when some one steps on your slippered feet, or tears your muslin, They keep you awake at night, and so make you good-tempered in the morning. They are

fond of the children. And then, their accomplishments! Musketoes are light and graceful dancers; and tire less ones as well. Moreover, they are excellent inculcators of the cardinal virtues; they to be persevering, patient, gentle, amiable, abhorrent of profanity. They have also, a peculiarly accomplished way of beautithe faces, hands and limbs of their friends. The baby wakes up with its face so charmingly tattooed; you look in your mirror and admire the deep color and improved size of your ears, the fashion in which one eye is closed, and the little lumps on your nasal

Besides these varied and admirable accomplishments, musketoes are exquisite musicians. Who, that loves music, would willingly have these dear little songsters banished from his bedroom? How low, how sweet, how patiently, how distinctly, they sing their little solos around the pillows of those they love!

The chief characteristics of these charming insects, are their extreme smallness, excessive fragility, remarkable power, wonderful vigilance, unparalleled wakefulness, and the intense democracy of their principles. Though so tiny and so delicate of stature, musketoes have great power over the acts, minds, manners, and morals of individuals, and can often produce in the hearts of the strongest men and women great emotion. They never sleep, but with beautiful devotion and untiring vigilance follow the goings and comings, and guard the slumbers, of mortals. Nor do they put on ar- of small daily cares have often bent the charistocratic airs. They fully believe in a true democracy, and they visit alike the homes of There is less danger in this than in great good the high and the haunts of the lowly.

In their habits, musketoes are very sociable. They enjoy plenty of human society, and they are playful. Did you ever try to grab a musketo in your hand but he flew in your very eyes, laughing at your failure? Did you ever hear several hundreds of them about your bed, and get up and light a lamp, and find any— even one—there? The playful little creatures are under the bedstead, dancing about the top of the ceiling, peeping at you from beneath the bureau—anywhere but where you can see them. But when you turn down the light, and creep back to your couch, they all come trooping, singing, laughing back, full of good nature and frolic at having gotten the best of You ought to enjoy the fun, too. Perhaps you do.

The musketo is the embodiment of several The musketo is the embodiment of several rare virtues. He is forgiving, friendly, and so happy of disposition that he always goes about singing. He is persevering. If he does not soothe you the first time, he does not tire of trying and trying again. He is enterprising. Screens, nets, powder, smoke, pennyroyal will not keep him from roving where he wills. He is patient. He will spend hours, yes, the whole night, endeavoring, with his little song, whole night, endeavoring, with his little song,

to hush one restless individual to sleep.

Oh! musketo, thou thing of many virtues of many accomplishments, of many merits!

I have sought to represent thee as thou art; to make men see how worthy a subject, in thee, I have found for my pen; to raise thee to that place on the ladder of fame that thy qualities hould earn for thee; but I know full well the baseness of human nature, and because thou hast one little fault, for thy carniverousness, men and housemaids will still go on sending thee to a hasty end, through the medium of a broom with a wet towel over it!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

WOULD THEY?

I HAVE heard many people give utterance to the expression, "If I could but live my life over again, how different would I act," and I wondered, if they could have their wish, if they would act differently. I don't dispute the fact that they think they would, but my idea is that there wouldn't be much difference

If the spendthrift could live his life over, would he be more saving and put by the "need-ful" for a rainy day? Would he patronize the savings bank and believe that a comfortable abode in one place was preferable to roving about here and there, and that the loved ones at home are better than bar-room companions

Would these vile calumniators who spread their scandal and slander broadcast make a better use of their time, tongue and pen, or would they still worry people into their graves before their time?

Would those who have gone astray and wandered into paths forbidden, pursue a more upright and noble life, and live for the elevation and not degradation of humanity? Would they count the cost before they decided to enter into a compact with Satan and barter away their souls for mere dross?

Would we speak more kindly to those who are around us, act less harshly toward our neighbor, and treat those with whom we come in contact as though we wanted to have them around us, and not desire to kick them out of the way and have done with them forever?

Would we be kinder to those who are nearing the last milestone of life, more patient with the fractious invalid whose pleasures are few and pains many?

Would John scold so much because the baby

is cross and awake all night, depriving him of rest? When he sees that little form carried to Greenwood cemetery, and knows that, never on earth, will he again see its features, will he not wish he had complained less and done more? Would not the cry of that babe, fretful as he thought it, be the sweetest music to his ears? Treasures are never valued so much

Would fathers who have dissipated sons, be elsewhere, in disreputable company? Would others be too indulgent and let their offspring grow up like weeds? Would dissipated wander after strange and questionable pleas ures if homes were more attractive? Would daughters spend half their time in frivolous amusement, if there was such a blessed thing to them as "home, sweet home?" Would sew ng societies do more and talk less-find out the good in one's character and imitate it, instead of prying out the bad qualities of one's neighbor and commenting too harshly upon

Would we be so apt to berate certain profes sions and callings, and then ask them to help us out of our troubles with the very money we think they have earned in a manner of which we do not approve? Would we see that one can be as much respected in one profession as another, provided they earned their money honorably and behaved respectably.

Would politicians fight as much for the public good as they do now for a good fat office? Yould they be more conscientious and truth telling? Would people be as willing to live for you as they now are to die for you-at least, as they pretend to be? Would they be as willng to cheer and comfort, and not refuse a light favor, as they profess to be willing to

go through fire and water" to serve you? These are wonderings which intrude themelves in many persons' thoughts at various If we could but live our lives over again! But, as we cannot, why not devote the remainder of our present life to carrying out the ideas as far as possible, which we think we would act upon? We cannot call the dead to life; we cannot undo the wrong done them we cannot recall the mischief we have worked but we can still live for something noble and true. Heaven knows there is enough for us all o do, and Heaven also knows how sadly we

neglect the work assigned us. Too late now, you think? It is never too late to turn over the new leaf!

EVE LAWLESS.

THE world is good in its place. If kept without the heart, like the water outside of the ship, it may aid to bear us to the haven of eternal rest. But as the water, if allowed to come within the ship, soon fills and sinks it, so the world, if it gets into the heart, will be its ruin. To possess the world may not be injurious—to be possessed by it is destructive alike to character, to happiness and to the soul.

THERE is a sort of natural instinct or human dignity in the heart of man which steels his very nerves not to bend beneath the blow of an adversity. The palm tree grows best beneath a ponderous weight; even so the character of a man. There is no merit in acters of men, but great misfortunes seldom.

Foolscap Papers.

Serving Turkey.

THE celebrity which I gained in our late misunderstanding, in leading my men out of danger, caused the Sultan to send me an invisation (scented, with stamp inclosed) to come over and enter his service.

[I might add here that my extreme care of my men in avoiding personal peril has had a wonderful effect in raising volunteers. They all follow me—and would if I wasn't there.]

I was made colonel of a regiment stationer on the Danube, with orders to allow no Rus sians to cross over, unless they had paid for their passage in advance and had tickets. I had untied several fresh papers of torpedoes to blow up their gunboats in case they came over without tickets

The Danube lay between us, and I believ the troops on either side were glad of it. Neither side wanted to cross over it by tunneling under it. I was afraid lest some Russian idiotic general would dig a canal around to the rear of them, and turn Dan Ube into it, thus leaving themselves on our side; but they did ot think of that.

The most remarkable part of the war was performed by myself and a squad of men. A Russian iron-clad lay opposite us. One dark night we rowed over in a skiff, unhitched the anchor, and towed the monitor over to our side. The garrison was below asleep, and the question was, what would we do with them? If they woke up we were gone. We began to nail the port-holes up to shut them in when they woke out of their slumbers. And we

went. Such wenting you never saw; but it was policy. They went back.

I set to work constructing an iron-clad on my own design. It was a powerful affair; the plates were of enormous thickness, and could not be penetrated by any rifled projectile. was perfectly safe, and on that principle I worked. It cost the Turkish government two million dollars. It was a grand thing, never equaled. When ready to launch, the government inspectors came to see it. The first thing they asked was, where are the port-holes? Port-holes? I didn't intend to have any, from the fact that so much damage and loss of life s caused by port-holes; the enemy's balls come right into them, and play smash, and it is much safer without them, and with that monitor could go right past a fort or a fleet.

"But," said they, "how in thunder are you oing to shoot out of the blamed thing?" It hadn't occurred to me. I had been so interested in regard to the balls coming in, that I had entirely forgotten about the balls going out. Port-holes were ordered in and I went

We occasionally exchanged shots with a Russian fortress opposite (for whose name beg to refer you to the latest war maps, as I have not time to write it), commanded by a general whose name I could only spell with a hop, skip and jump, double sommersault, a chug in the back, and a look at the sun. In one day we shot a thousand—balls, and killed great quantities of—time.

My cavalry corps was in excellent condition, and the fact that the Russians could not cross the river, did not make them less brave; and I frequently received the thanks of His Sultanic Majesty for the splendid organization of my I organized them with hand-organs.

We captured a boat with Russian supplies. They live on light diet—that is to say, on tal-low candles, and of course they were left in the dark for food, a thing they could not make light of. The candles were old and somewhat moldy, but that does not make any differ

I was ordered to Kars, though we did not go there in cars, and in the first gallant charge, I lost two thousand men—they were captured. In the court-martial which ensued, I explained that it was policy to allow the Russians to capture our troops in large bodies, until they so strict as not to allow their children any would eventually eat them out of house and come numerous enough to take all Russia. They thought I was following out the plan well enough, but thought the plan would epopulate the army.

I then perfected an army musket, and manufactured them in great quantities. They were on the principle of the old muskets of my boyhood's days, or more so-regular kickers. When the troops, armed with these, got into battle, all they had to do was to aim the club ends of them at the enemy, and the muskets went a-whooping in their midst, causing much surprise and slaughter. The balls staid. You see by this, although there was some expense connected with the muskets, there was a great saving in the balls. The muskets were charged to go, and they went. I never got all the credit I deserved for this efficient invention.

I also invented a plan for disabling Russian batteries and rendering them useless in an en gagement. It was to bore a large hole in each cannon, directly under the touch-hole, through which the force of the powder would expend, and no damage could then be done, and the capture of whole batteries would be an easy matter. I worked a good while to discover this plan, which was a good one, they said, but how was I to get a chance to put the holes in the guns? This hadn't struck me.

I led my troops out of a terrific battle one day in such fine style, that hardly a man was lost. Speed in all things is the example I always set before my men. I advocate celerity

One thing I have not been fully credited for, and that is I prevented more bloodshed when I was in command in Turkey than any other They rather thought I prevented too

In a hard contest, when I saw the day was ost to me, my pulse stopped completely, but I had the satisfaction of being repulsed.

I had command of Kalafat, which the Rus-

sians desperately besieged, evidently under the impression that the name was a misprint for tallow fat; but I held out-my sword, and was paroled—one of my chief roles. But, as a general thing, it was observed that wherever my troops were there was peace. It was a lit-

But I had taken a couple of pigs to raise at ome, and the Sultan said he would relieve me of the rigors of war and pay my way home to tend to them. I sailed slowly home, but I left a name there which will long be remembered. I wish I had brought it along.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

A SHIP on the broad, boisterous and open ocean needeth no pilot. But it dare not venture alone on the placid bosom of a little river, lest it be wrecked on some hidden rock. it is with life. 'Tis not in our open, exposed deeds that we need the still voice of the silent monitor, but in the small, secret, everyday acts of life, that conscience warns us to beware of the hidden shoals of what we deem too ommon to be dangerous.

Topics of the Time.

—Large beds of coal have been discovered along the Yellowstone River. Hundreds of tons are in sight, like ore on the dump.

—Alboni is 53; Ole Bull, 67; Von Bulow, 47; Jules Benedict, 72; Jenny Lind, 56; Gounod, 50; Pauline Lucca, 37; Nilsson, 34; Offenbach, 59; Sims Reeves, 56; Titiens, 43; Wagner, 64; Wienliawski, 42, and Vieuxtemps, 57.

—It is said that a large number of Western men, principally from Wisconsin, will seek homes in Florida this fall. The sale of public lands will attract numerous settlers, and the immigration business will be brisk.

—Macon, Ga., has an ice factory that manufactures 10,000 pounds of ice daily at a cost to consumers of one cent per pound. This is about the rate paid in Savannah, where there are two ce companies who get their supplies from the natural manufactory.

Texas has fifty wheat-producing countione-fifth of which, if fully cultivated, would produce 86,000,000 bushels of grain. It has also 69,120,000 cotton-yielding acres, which, if taxed to the extent of their productiveness, would yield 6,962,000 bales of cotton.

yield 6,962,000 bates of cotton.

—The war in the East has doubled the price of canary bird seeds. Asiatic Turkey supplies large quantities of this bird provender, but since that territory has become the theater of the war the supply has been cut off. The import of the seeds amounts to about 400 tons per annum. The little warblers will have to change their diet until the Eastern question is settled.

—The County Kilkenny, Ireland, has produced seven brothers, all of whom are over six feet in hight, and all massively proportioned, without being corpulent. All of them have become zealous Roman Catholic priests, and are serving in various missions in both hemispheres. The tallest, David, is six feet four inches, and the least tall of them is six feet two inches.

—There are 21 colleges in the New England States. Maine has 4, with 455 students; New Hampshire 1, with 347; Vermont 3, with 172; Massachusetts 9, with 1,918; Rhode Island 1, with 250, and Connecticut 3, with 1,037, making a sum total of 4,179. Of all these colleges Harvard has the largest number (1,370) of students. There are 20 women students at Harvard in the summer schools of chemistry and botany, and 12 at Yale in the school of fine and botany, and 12 at Yale in the school of fine

arts.

—The Angora goats from Asia have been introduced into Texas very largely within the last few years. One man now has about 1,000 crossed with the Mexican goat. The hair or wool is long, and will sell from seventy-five cents to a dollar a pound; the skin or hide makes the morocco leather and kid glove; the suet is the best in the world; and the meat of the young is tender and toothsome. On the whole young is tender and toothsome. On the whole the goat business in Texas and Mexico promises to be a great feature of their future.

-The birthday of the Prophet was celebrated at Cairo this year with the traditional passage of the mounted imaum over the bodies of the faithful. These were mainly from the lowest classes—camel and donkey drivers, grooms, etc. classes—camerand donkey drivers, grooms, etc.
—and numbered some three hundred, over
whose prostrate forms the imaum rode for a
quarter of an hour. There were the usual casualties, broken arms and ribs and fractured
skulls, while some fifteen of the fanatics have
already died, or are likely to do so.

—In Cache Valley, Utah, they have a novel way of fighting the grasshoppers. Covered wagons are placed on farms where the hoppers are the thickest, and each wagon is made the temporary coop of a large flock of chickens, which, during the day, are let loose and pick up the jumping insects by the millions. At nightfall the chickens roost in the wagon, and are driven to other portions of the farm, let loose again in the morning, and continue daily their destruction of the hoppers. destruction of the hoppers.

—General Ord, now in command of the United States troops on the Rio Grande, is a grandson of George IV. and the actress Mrs. Fitzherbert, to whom he was married by a Catholic priest, while prince regent. The consent of parliament had not been given, and the marriage was illegal in English laws. A son was horn by this. ment had not been given, and the marriage was illegal in English laws. A son was born by this union, and consigned to the care of a tutor named Ord, who emigrated with him to this country. The youth took the name of his tutor, and married a Virginia or Maryland lady, by whom he had two sons, Atlanticus and Pacificus. The first was sent to West Point, and is the general on the Rio Grande. The second became a lawyer in New Orleans, and emigrated to Congress "(189). There were fourteen "Presidents of Congress" (189). There were fourteen "Presidents of Congress" during the pagied of Confederation. came a lawyer in New Orleans, and emigrated to California twenty-five years ago, where he is a

The Fort Worth Democrat gives us this picture of a Comanche warrior's war rig: "We inspected the warring outfit of a Comanche Indian yesterday, killed three hundred miles west of Jacksboro on the staked plains by a company of United States colored troops. The feathered arrow, bow with the panther skin encasement, together with the deer-skin belt, trimmed with German silver buttons, from which hung two scalping knives in tasty bead encasements; each knife was marked on the heardle with the number of scalps; it had severed. handle with the number of scalps it had severed; one had twelve marks, and the other eight. The whole equipment bore the resemblance of having once upon a time been in the possession of a chief, and to this fact the negro soldier whom the outfit graced testified having seen the dead body of the chief and aided in its burial. The fellow boarded the 7:20 train, and is expecting to raise a good "stake" from the sale of the curiosity in Pittsburg, which is his destination.

—A California millionaire, whose daughter will shortly marry a French count, is to pay the groom \$100,000 cash down, before the ceremony takes place, that being the price demanded by the condescending foreigner for consenting to share his title with an American-born young woman. The figure seems high, but the investment may not prove to be such a bad speculation after all. A good many of these European counts turn out to be very clever cooks or stylish hairdressers, and should the ambitious papa's mine incontinently peter out, or he get swamped at the stock board, a first-class foreign artist in victuals or hair will be found mighty handy to have about the house. Such fellows command fabulous salaries in San Francisco when times are flush, and they are always able to make a pretty good living when they are -A California millionaire, whose daughter able to make a pretty good living when they are willing to set about it. They are a little too much given to beating their wives, however, when the day of adversity comes, to make desirable sons-in-law as a general rule.

—During the past spring the United States Fish Commission, and the Maryland Fish Com-missioners, hatched out about 9,000,000 young shad in the Susquehanna river at Havre de Grace, over 1,000,000 of which have already been distributed in Western and Southern wabeen distributed in western and Southern waters, and about 1,000,000 are now en route to California for the waters of that State. The young shad, thus far, have been sent to Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, South Carolina, Kansas, and Missouri, and more will be distributed within the next two weeks. Active preparations are also being made for the distribution of alarge analysis of solvers of solvers of the distribution of alarge and young sales. sas, and Missouri, and more will be distributed within the next two weeks. Active preparations are also being made for the distribution of a large number of salmon-eggs and young salmon throughout the country next fall. Over 5,000,000 eggs and young salmon were distributed to the various States last fall, and a larger number will be sent out this season. The principal salmon-hatching establishment is on the MacLoud river, in California, the species of salmon found in those waters being suitable for Eastern rivers like the Susquehanna, Delaware, Potomac, and Cape Fear. A large number of salmon-eggs will be sent to North Carolina this fall to stock the Cape Fear river. The Fish Commissioners of that State have shown great interest in fish-culture, and suitable hatching-houses have been erected by them at several places to facilitate the propagation of food-fishes.

House?' Is it built of wood? What is the nickname of Washington? Do all cities have a nick-name? If so what is New York's? And what is Brooklyn's? Who is Puck?' The President's house was, originally, the color of the stone of which it was built—gray. In 1814, during the war known as "the War of iSl2," it was set on fire by smoke that, when repaired, they were painted white, and it became known as the "White House." —It was built of sand-stone.—Washington is called the "Federal City" and "City of Magnificent Distances;" the latter name is in reference to the great breadth of its streets and avenues.—Most of our large and prominent cities have a "nickname." our large and prominent cities have a "nickname." and Brooklyn is the "City of Churches." There is a "Monumental City" "Crescent City," "City of the Golden Gates," "Queen City," etc.—Puck was a character of fairy tales, a most mischievous little sprite; also, Puck is the title of a fascinating novel writen by Louisa De la Rame (Ouida).

Week

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "Love's Strategy;" "Violet Rossmore;" "The Coquette;" "The Way of It;" "The Wreck;" "Uncle Miph's Reverle;" "Leila;" "Our Savior's Birth."

Accepted: "Remorse;" "Gone;" "Pearl Lilies;"
The True Test;" "A Gun at Night;" "What She
Won;" "Bonny Louise;" "The Well-kept Secret;"
"The Price of the Ring;" "What is Sweeter?"
"Yes, It Is;" "Entre Nous."

W. R. Have written by mail. Do not wish to see the MS.

AL. H. Can't say whether or not "Wild Bill" (Wm. Hickox) ever was married.

PITTSBURG BOYS. Mr. Aiken is writing for the SATURDAY JOURNAL and will continue to do so. His best work always has been ours.

TRAPPER Tom. We publish only such books as we accept and pay for as manuscripts. We do not care to consider the work you refer to. VIOLA. We are not in want of the matter you suggest. If we published three weeklies instead of one we could not use all the good things offered. Cora May. Answered your query in a late issue. Also, this is excellent: One part of brandy to eight of water and muriatic acid enough to be just perceptibly sour to the taste. Touch the freckles with

WM. L. Poem has several good verses but is too infinished and too lame in some of its lines for pub-ication. Your taste is yet to be schooled and rained, as well as your skill in rhythmic composi-

A. P. Borax and copperas are excellent disinfectants. Sprinkle freely in the sink, drain and closetvault. They are odorless, hence are better than chloride of lime, which is very offensive to some

IRON Fist. Your handwriting is only passable— lacks uniformity, which is very essential to good penmanship. You should study up in the proper use of capital letters and in punctuation. Answer to other queries next week.

M. R. M. The recipe for whooping-cough we cannot now hunt up. A slight smell of chloroform will relieve the cough spasm. The cough must have passed away before this reaches you.

ABEDNEGO. The Khedive of Egypt, the Emperor of Morocco, the Deys of Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli all are subjects of the Sultan of Turkey and pay him heavy tribute. Palestine is governed by a governor named by the sultan, as also are the several provinces of Asia Minor.

"ALICE," St. Louis, Mo. Never answer advertisements for correspondents. Only harm can come of it. You certainly would not wish your name used commonly in the mouth of any rough rowdy; and your correspondent would be quite likely to turn out a person whom you would not care to claim as an associate.

an associate.

D. C. of B. The "Floating College" project originated, we believe, in Michigan University (Ann Arbor, Mich.) Address Commander Thos. S. Phelps, care Secretary Mich. University. The idea is a two-years voyage around the world, with a fine corps of teachers. The cost will be, it is stated, about \$3,000 for each student.

\$3,000 for each student.

MARY J. writes: "If a lady who has some property marries does she lose control of her own property? Or if she earns money after her marriage is she legally free to make such use of it as she chooses?" A married woman can make just the same disposal of all money that comes to her, other than by her husband, as a single woman. The husband has no control over his wife's own property or earnings.

M. See Accepted list. Favors are welcome. Happy to have you "contribute."—No telling what you can do. Make up your mind to succeed at any sacrifice and don't be discouraged at failures. Your father can't hold out always. Once overcome his indifference and your happiness is assured—a consummation worth all endeavor. Dreams oftentimes have singular confirmation, especially where you try to make them come true. We wish you all success.

Success.

ZEB. All brown sugar is infested with the itchbug, said to be almost identical with the acarus scabiei. It is this creature that produces what is known as the "Grocer's itch"—coming from the sugar barrel. Never use brown sugar. It is filthy and loaded with repulsive foreign matter. Even the best "Muscovado" or Orleans is very disgusting when put under the microscope. Always buy the clarified sugars and molasses; they are cheapest, and comparatively free from foreign matter.

Oscar says: "If I take part in a parlor play, and

and comparatively free from foreign matter.

OSCAR says: "If I take part in a parlor play, and
my role requires me to kiss a lady actor, whom I am
supposed to love, ought I to really kiss her or ouly
'make believe?" Whatever part the young lady
takes, and whatever part you play, your chief aim
should be to act as naturally, as true to life, as possible; and, though you may not give her such a fervent kiss as under less public circumstances, you
should certainly, calmly and naturally, fully carry
out the requirements of your part in the play.

COLUMBIA FRESHMAN. The speaker or chairman

Congress" during the period of Confederation, 1774-1789.

Mrss B. B. A sweet breath is certainly a great desideratum. Bad breath is due usually to ill health, decaying teeth or a dirty mouth. A very excellent mixture for a preparation for sweetening the mouth and breath is this: Cloves, 12 grains; cinnamon, 40 grains; ginger, 3 drachms; spirits of wine, 1 pint; oil of orange-peel, 12 drops; ottar of roses, 3 drops; essence of peppermint, 1½ drachms. These are to be mixed and allowed to soak for a fortnight. Then the liquor is to be filtered off for use. A small quantity is to be used to wash out the mouth in as much water as is necessary. Always keep the teeth clean—using the tooth-brush at least twice or thrice a day.

Madde. Toilet-cushions are stuffed very full, and

twice or thrice a day.

MANDE. Toilet-cushions are stuffed very full, and are not made flat. They are finished with a very full, fine quilling of wide satin ribbon, sewed on by one edge so as to stand out stiffly, all around. A cheneille cord heading, and tiny ribbon bows at the corners are added.—For traveling you will find a dress made of dark, blue, green, brown, or of black, bunting most desirable. Bunting is the goods of which flags are made. It does not retain dust, does not muss easily, and is not injured by water. It is largely manufactured in all dark, and so up to the most delicate, shades.—Maude means "brave."—There is no prettier adornments for young ladies, in summer, than a free and artistic use of flowers. W. and L. Monograms and initials on paper are

in summer, than a free and artistic use of flowers. W. and L. Monograms and initials on paper are becoming passe. Plain rich note sheets and nearly square envelopes are "the style."—Quite right to show each other your correspondence. Confidence and intimacy between brother and sister conduce to mutual interest and happiness.—If, in going out evenings, a gentleman friend is met it is quite proper for him to become the sister's escort, but she should see that her brother is not left without congenial company.—Any pleasure or good thing congenial company.—Any pleasure or good thing can be enjoyed to excess. Take nothing to satiety. Your happiness need not be abridged—only tempered with a wise moderation.—Very few women can earn, at the machine, more than ten or eleven dellars per week. Many women clerks serve for six and seven dollars per week.

and søven dollars per week.

IDA L., Summit. You are entirely in the wrong; and if you wish to retain your husband's love and have a happy home you must consult his wishes and make him your only earthly guide and counselor. No man who loves devotedly and has a spark of spirit will bear to have his wife treat him as of secondary importance in her life and be guided entirely by the wishes of her mother. No matter how good and kind "she was," when you married you promised, concerning your husband, to forsake all others and cleave unto him as long as ye both should live. He should, now, be the most important consideration in your life. You should consult his tastes, be guided by his advice, and make him your chief confidant. Unless you follow this course your dissensions will increase and your married life be most unhappy.

ED. S. R., Burlington, asks: "Why is the Presi-

En. S. R., Burlington, asks: "Why is the President's house, at Washington, called the 'White House?' Is it built of wood? What is the nickname of Washington? Do all cities have a nick-

LOVE'S DREAM OF LOVE.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

There is no tree that wears God's grace But somewhere hath its kin and kind, Nor flower along familiar ways But hath some far-off flower to bind.

There is no shell on the sea's side
But hath its other in the sea—
The water and the world are wide
And no one knows all things that be.

The saddest music ever poured Some hearing heart-strings caught and strung, The humblest song that ever soared Hath somewhere found an answering tongue.

Lives lean to lives, and feel and know;

Hearts lean to hearts, though out of speech,
Like arms of the blind mistletoe

Like arms of the blind mistretoc That never, never vainly reach.

Sweet the belief, and half-divine, To think, whatever things there be, That, somewhere, some eye burns for thine, That, somewhere, some heart beats for thee

That heart which claims thee as its kind The dying-day may only show; But thou shalt told it then, and find— Shalt look into those eyes and know.

Louie's Story.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"I CAN'T see whatever we will do with her. She's a delicate, sickly little thing, and hasn't either the strength or desire to earn her living as the rest of us do-eh, Louie?"

Motherly old Mrs. Simmonds smiled halfreprovingly, half-indulgently down in the pale wistful face of the girl who sat so quietly beside her, listening to the conversation going on between Mrs. Simmonds and her guest—farmer Alwyn's wife, who had run over with her knitting for an afternoon's visit and to "stay

They were the very ideals of comfortable, contented, well-to-do farmers' wives; they were portly, and rosy, and bright-eyed-such a contrast, physically, to the slim, sallow, holloweyed girl who spoke never a word unless spe-

been a member of the thrifty Simmonds family for years and years—ever since a bitter cold December day, thirteen years ago, when, a forlorn, half-clothed baby of three years, she and come to the kitchen door, crying, shivering and in barely intelligible words told them she had in barely intelligible words to be a second t Mrs. Simmonds' big, warm heart had been stirred to its very depths by the sight of the with a thrill of pure, jealous rage. against the cruel wretch who would permit Louie was gradually playing him false such a baby to become so ragged and suffering whomand neglected, and great, tender pity, took the little one in, resolving to keep it in warmth and the vast crowd made him look up to see whom plenty until "pappy" should search for it- they were welcoming with such warm, glad Louie so dearly.

for nothing—not even competent to earn her cling her slender rounded throat, where a mas salt, yet she was a favorite with them all for sive gold pin caught it in rich plainness of eleher sweet, gentle ways and her patience and gance. willingness to do what little she could.

Only Louie could not work. It seemed to her that of all terrible things the routine of housework was the most terrible, and yet she never hesitated an instant to obediently perform whatever lay within her power, however distasteful the task was.

But -there was one thing Louie loved to do, one thing that made the Simmonds girls and boys sometimes laugh, and sometimes cry, and sometimes feel awestruck; that made farmer Simmonds often lay down his pipe in rapt, amazed interest, that made dear Mrs. Simequal to Charlotte Cushman—Louie, who had onds wipe her eyes and sob audibly—and that was when Louie would read aloud of winter evenings, or recite some exquisite poem she had memorized, or render some side-splitting

morceau from some humorist Then, Louie would seem to lose her identity. She would flush with excitement, and her fresh, sweetly-intoned young voice would fairly vibrate with the intensity of the enthusiasm; her fragile form would seem to dilate with intensest interest; her dark, intelligent eyes would shine with inspiration, or melt with pathos or glow with humor, and from farmer Simmonds down to little Nell, they all considered Louie's reading a genuine treat.

Only that they never dreamed of appreciating it as they ought—none of them except Will Dayton, Mrs. Simmonds' younger brother, who would hang on Louie's enraptured words with interest scarcely less intense than her own. Only Will, in all his grand strength of healthy manhood, understood and appreciated her sensitive delicate nature that was attuned to such higher keys than the simple melody to which in, taking her so completely by surprise. their lives were contentedly set.

Only he knew that it was like an eaglet consorting with doves, when Louie, with her fine even as she came across the floor and he saw intelligence, her longing nature, her uncultured talents, her great capabilities, was trying to keep herself down on a level with their equally good but less exalted natures.

He came gradually to care very much for her; until, one day when she went to him with eager all her heart in her big black eyes, and told him, breathlessly, that Mrs. Lecount, the great lady who was summering at the hotel, heard her reciting one day when she was driving by, and had instantly come in, and had a long, long talk with her, and the result was she was to go back to New York with her when Will Dayton heard that, he knew, for sure, that he cared very, very much for Louie—that she had completely filled his heart, and that without her life would lose very many, if not all, its charms.

And right then and there he told her how he loved her, how he should miss her, and begged her to be true in heart to him when she should be away among people who would no doubt be more congenial to her than her old associates.

And Louie had confessed her love and promised to be true to him; and not long after that she went away from the quiet countryside with Mrs. Lecount, and although letters frequently came saying she was well and happy and had found occupation that was easy and delightful to her, still the old farm-house seemed some without her, and Will found it hard work to do without seeing her thin, intelligent, sal-

low face that to him was so fair and lovely.

The late summer days went on, and winter followed, and another summer came, and in all those weary days Louie never came hom and good old Mrs. Simmonds used to complain and fret that Louie had forgotten them, that Louie had found other friends to take their places; while only Will Dayton would not have it that the one woman he loved was not true to her pure instincts of gratitude and

But, even Will, so loyal and loving and true, from Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Chicago | servant who answered.

—when into her letters there began to appear very often Claud Hamilton's name-never in a way that would have aroused any jealousy, yet in a way that aroused his wonder, his sus picion that perhaps, perhaps Louie had discovered she loved this fancy-named fellow better than himself.

Those were dark days for poor Will, lightened only by Louie's letters which were themselves not the lightsome messages they least, although they were cheerful and hopeful and kindly affectionate, still the recurrence of Claud Hamilton's name spoiled all else for

With that feeling of suspicion against this Mr. Hamilton, this feeling that was so near akin to jealousy of Louie, there came to Will another new source of trouble, and that was a dawning, restless discontent that he did not understand the nature of Louie's business abroad. She had kept it secret from them all at the farm, merrily promising to let them know when her future prospects of fame and success were assured beyond the shadow of a doubt. On that brave, loving promise Will had heretofore quietly rested, until—gradually the demon of jealousy crept in among his true love for Louie; until, his heart torn by the never-failing mention, in some way or other, of Mr. Claud Hamilton's name, Will could no onger endure it, and then, upon receipt of a letter from Louie saying that her next would be from New York, where she would remain a fortnight, Will made up his mind to be in New York for that same fortnight and devote all his tireless energies to finding the girl he loved and who so persistently kept herself

from him. And so, one delicious starry night in early autumn, when there was just enough crispness in the sweet fresh air to make it pleasant indoors when one tired of being out, it happened—no, not "happened," for there is no such condition of human affairs as that which some people call "accidental"—but it was decreed by Destiny, or Fate, or what you will, that Will Dayton was led to Steinway Hall, where huge placards announced the appearance of ome popular dramatic reader, whose name he Her name was Louie Harland, and she had did not see for the crowds that were passing in with him; and he took his seat with a strange ly-homesick lonesome feeling coming over him as he realized with a new keen appreciation

forlorn little waif, and in mingled indignation | Hamilton for whom, he so horribly feared,

And just then the enthusiastic applause of trous, with frills of exquisite lace falling over For she was lovable, and although, as Mrs. Simmonds tenderly declared, the child was fit with a ruff of the same filmy snowiness cir-

A girl with a rarely intelligent face, and ton almost unable to resist the temptation felt to rush to her and ask her if Claud Hamilton had defiled it with his lover's

For it was Louie Harland - Louie who had arisen like a star in her beautiful profession of crowded houses when she appeared, and who was coining a fortune as fast as a pair of woman's hands had ever done.

Then she commenced—one of the very ballads she had many a time rendered for them at the old farm-house, when Mrs. Simmond would wipe her eyes, and old farmer Simmonds forget to draw on his pipe until it went out.

And Will listened, and the vast audien listened, spellbound, to the sweet, pathetic voice, round and full, as clear as a silver bell Then followed uproarious encore; then other recitations and other applause, and then—it was over, and Will saw her stage, and it seemed to him that he had sud denly gone into a dark place

It was easy enough to obtain Miss Harland's address-everybody knew it, and so the next morning he took a carriage and was driven to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and was shown t Miss Harland's parlor, where Louie herself sat, alone, with her little writing-desk before her, at which she was busy when he was shown

She arose instantly to greet him, her fac flushing warmly enough at sight of him, and the glow on her cheeks, he found himself asking himself if it were joy at seeing him, or consciousness of disloyalty to him that occa-

At all events her words were kind and

Will! Is it possible? Dear old Will, hov glad I am to see you!'

in spite of all his horrible fear and doubt, Will took her in his arms and kissed her over and over.

"I was starving to see you, my darling. could do without you no longer. Louie! so this is the mysterious secret you have been keeping from us, from me!'

She looked bravely, proudly in his face.
"You speak almost reproachfully, Will! Can you find it in your heart to censure me because I wanted to wait until I could come an honor and a help to you all? Will, don' look at me so -what is the harm in it?"

"There is no harm in it, Louie. No one prouder of you and your grand success than I if it hasn't turned your heart from me Louie! Louie! if you knew how your letters have stabbed me, if you only knew the anguish and the fear and the tormenting doubts that have driven me to you-not able to endure

Louie's eyes were perfect revelations of

Will! My letters! Your doubt and fear -Will, your doubt and fear of me?

"Of you, Louie! I could not bear your freyes, continual, ceaseless mention Claud Hamilton's name; Louie, I feared you were learning to love him, and that I would be

His voice was honest index of his feelings it was intense, earnest, so eagerly anguishful that it touched Louie very tenderl "Will, how could you? Oh, Will!"

Then, half-smiling, with a suspicion of tears in her sweet eyes, and a look that was equally began to doubt at last when into Louie's let- reproachful and amused, Louie rung her bell, and gave a message in an undertone to the

Then she turned to Will again.
"So you have been jealous of Mr. Hamilton,
Will? Wait a moment, for I want to tell you something. Mr. Hamilton is one of the dear-est friends I ever had. He has been good to me, Will-oh, so good! Always he will come first on the list of my friends; always-"

She was interrupted by some one rapping on the door, then entering unsummoned. A little flash of mischievous excitement, accompanied seemed to Will they should have been. At by that same look of reproof, was in her eyes as a little old gentleman, with a pleasant, plaoid face came in-with goggles on his eyes, and a head bald and shiny, a little old gentleman, as ugly as well could be imagined, but such a courteous, high-bred gentleman for all that it was manifest at a glance.

"I sent to have you meet Mr. Dayton, Mr. Hamilton. Gentlemen, allow me to introduce you-Mr. Hamilton, my dear adviser and bu siness agent, and kindest of friends; Mr. Dayton, my lover—is it, Will?"

And Will was so chagrined, and so perfectly happy, and when he and Louie ran down to the farm for a brief visit, there occurred a hasty, happy wedding-time, and Mr. Dayton constituted himself adviser and agent of his lovely, talented, popular wife.

"Because there's no telling how the Claud Hamilton jealousy might have ended, if he had happened to be young and handsome and fas-cinating and unmarried."

Louie laughingly took up her cudgels in an-

"But so long as he was none of the four, why think about it? Had he been any one of the four, he never would have traveled with me, and I am sure his grown-up daughter Jessie was quite like a mother. Will, give in! You are the most jealous man in existence."
She lifted her sweet face to her husband's.

And as he kissed her he said: "Because I am the most loving. There can be no love without jealousy—but I'll never doubt you again, now, dearest.'

A Girl's Heart;

DR. TREMAINE'S WOOING.

BY RETT WINWOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE WRONGED HEIRESS." ETC

CHAPTER XXIV

FAITHFUL LOVE'S REWARD. DICK was taken to the county jail in the carriage that had been brought for that purpose. Dr. Tremaine himself brought pillows and blankets, and saw that everything was ar-

ranged as comfortably as possible for the Rachel rode in the same conveyance, supporting Dick's head in her lap, and with his dear hand clasped tightly in her own. What

cared she for the curious eyes bent upon her as the carriage moved slowly through the Dr. Tremaine followed on horseback. He reached the jail at the same moment with the

others, and was ready to assist in removing Mrs. Heathcliff had returned to Fairlawn, She did not choose to be mixed up in the affair

Dick's wound had been healing rapidly dur-ing the few days he had remained under Dr. Fremaine's roof. But he was still very weak, and at his earnest request the preliminary examination was to be postponed until the fol-Rachel and Dr. Tremaine went with him to

his gloomy cell, and there the three were left "I wish I could remain with you, Dick,"

sobbed Rachel, very white now, and trembling violently. "I wish I need not leave you alone in this dreadful place!" "Poor Rachel!" said Dick.

She flung her arms about his neck. "I won't leave you!" she cried. "They will

not be so cruel as to tear me away! I will not Dr. Tremaine had been standing slightly apart from them. But he now came forward

with a strange expression upon his pallid face. "Do you wish to remain so very much?" he

He hesitated, gasped once or twice, and then

"There is one way in which your wish can be gratified.

"Yes. You know it would not be right or roper for you to remain as you are. And the way of which you spoke?"

Forcing the words from his white, quivering ips, he made answer 'You must marry him!"

Rachel stared wildly at these words, and from Dick's lips fell a low, faint laugh. "I see I have startled you both," Dr. Tremaine went on. "Remember, I do not advise any such step. Indeed I should greatly regret any such step.

But it is the only way in which you two can be together.' Dick held out his hand, now choking back

something that sounded like a sob. "You're a noble fellow, Dr. Tremaine," he "I can guess what such words must cost you. But you can spare yourself said. have cost you. further pain. I have no wish to marry Rachel, and could not, if I would, for the simple reason that she is my own sister!

Dr. Tremaine started as if he had been struck. He could only stare wonderingly at the speaker.

Your sister?" he gasped. Yes, my twin sister

He staggered, and sat down on one of the rude stools with which the place was provided. Great drops came out upon his forehead. He was shaking all over. He could scarcely be

lieve the strange news he had heard.

But gradually his face changed. An expresion of wild joy broke all over it. little circumstances seemed to convince him. all at once, that Dick had spoken the truth.

"Oh, I am glad, so glad!" he cried. He looked up. His eye caught Rachel's for flood of crimson rush over her face.
"My darling!" he whispered, holding out his

arms, all unmindful of Dick's presence precious one! I believe you do love me, after

Rachel tottered forward, and fell upon his breast, sobbing wildly. And yet a strange eace and happiness had dawned suddenly upon er heart.

For a little while not another word was spo-The lovers seemed to understand so well all that the other would have said, there was ittle need of speech The vail had been rent away from their lives, as if by a miracle, and at last they stood

face to face and soul to soul, all things open as

mers, and sat down with his face covered. He understood perfectly what transports were in those long-sundered hearts. He had guessed But one fatal morning, when I had been drink-

veary sigh. "Thank God for that! No mator me, they will be happy.' He tried to rejoice, but I fear some dreary gered scoundrel.

pictures of his own desolate, loveless future did flit across his mental vision. At last he heard Dr. Tremaine say softly:

"Rachel, all things are growing so plain to the mark of Cain upon my brow."
me! And yet you have not uttered a word of He paused a moment to wipe the clammy explanation. I believe you have loved me all beads from his forehead.

ooing voice. ne the sacrifice you were making?"

the covered her lips with remorseful kisses.

"Why did you not trust me, Rachel? You might have done that. You must have known me down like a fox. If he learned I had

I would not see you suffer."
"How could I?" she faltered.

"The secret was Dick's more than mine. I

nad no right to betray it." Dr. Tremaine gave a slight start.

'Secret?" he echoed. "Yes," said Dick, now rising and coming forward. "This dear girl deserves to wear the crown of a martyr. No canonized saint here."

And yet I could not help thinking he was all the while working out the will of somebody here." ver was more faithful or self-sacrificing

He took Rachel's hand, kissing it fondly. "The secret concerns only myself," he went

"But Rachel would have given up her own life to keep it. Can you not guess now why she consented to marry a man she both hated and despised? Can you not guess why she consented to marry him you have known as Edward Dent?"

Yes, yes," said Dr. Tremaine, eagerly. "That wretch knew everything. his power. He could have given me into the clutches of the law at any moment. He would have done so but for Rachel. She stepped between us, and gave herself up in my stead."

> CHAPTER XXV. DICK'S STORY.

THERE was a brief silence in the room. Instinctively, Dr. Tremaine drew Rachel's quivoring figure still more closely to him, as if he would fain shield her from all further sorrow. And so he would have shielded her, with his

own heart's blood, if necessary.

"Tell me your story, Dick," he said. "I only regret you did not tell it sooner."

"So do I," answered the young man. "But how could I be sure it was best? I have known

you such a little while! To be sure you have been very kind. You have kept me hidden away from my enemies, dressed my wounds, and watched over me as carefully as a brother would have done. But, when a man carries with him such a secret as mine, he is very loth to part with it."

He laughed as he spoke, a low, bitter laugh, earcely pleasant to hear.
"I would have been faithful to the trust," ald Dr. Tremaine. "For Rachel's sake, if not

for yours."
"I believe you." "Perhaps I can do something to help you, ven yet. Tell me everything."

"Listen. It is time I had made a full con-'ession. God help and pity me!"

He was hiding his face with his trembling hands, and did not see the quick shudder that ran over each of his auditors.

"Are you strong enough to tell the story?" said to him.
"That was my first intimation of Lasa must not excite yourself too much. You have purpose to marry Rachel," he went on. passed through a good deal already."

vould rather make a clean breast of every-See, I am strong—quite strong.

face upon them, forcing a smile to the blood-

head down upon his shoulder.
"Rest here, Dick," he said, compassionately You need this support. Now go on with what you have to tell me." I must begin very far back in my history,

Dr. Tremaine, but I do not intend to weary you with a long-drawn-out story. "Rachel and I can remember nothing of our parents. Even the name we bear may be a borrowed one. As far back as our recollecion goes, we lived with one Madame Gale in her cottage, not far from this place.

Yes, I know her," said Dr. Tremaine, "Madame did not know anything of our pa she was kind to us, in her way, and gave us faltered.

every advantage. 'The years wore on quietly enough until I was sixteen. Then madame was in trouble of perso some sort. I could see she did not want me at the cottage any longer. I had a thirst for travel and adventure. At last she yielded to yielded to my solicitations, and sent me to India.

"I think now she had, for a long time, been secretly working upon my mind in such a man-ner that I should readily turn to that far-away quarter of the globe. "At any rate to India I went. Madame

gave me a letter of introduction to one Edward asalle, the same you have known as Edward Dent. Of course I sought him, on arriving in "He pretended to be a warm friend of mine before I had known him a week—a little too

warm to be sincere I thought at the time. found me a place in a merchant's office where I was soon able to command a good salary. 'Everything went on smoothly enough for a year or two. Then money was missing from he called himself?" the counting-room of my employer. Suspicion

pointed me out as the thief, and I was poweress to prove my innocence "Of course I was discharged, having barely escaped arrest. Lasalle still clung to me. He got me out of that part of the country, and finally prevailed on me to enlist in the English

I had no taste for military life, and should never have dreamed of it but for Lasalle. He was here my evil genius, as, I am confident, he had been before. Eyil reports were soon in circulation concerning me. I think he spread them, though all the while pretending to be my

There was one man in the regiment who had conceived a special dislike to me. His name was William Flint, but he was generally called Black Billy among our comrades, partly cause of his complexion, and partly because he was coarse, brutal, secretive in his nature.

'From the very first, this man seemed bound to quarrel with me. I did not suspect it then, but I know now he was really Lasalle's dawning.

Dick drew apart into one of the remote cor- tool, and only carrying out instructions given

Rachel's secret long before.

"They will be happy," he thought, with a where we were stationed. ing, we met in a coffee-house in the town

"Black Billy was unusually insulting. One ter what new bitterness life may have in store word led to another. Finally he taunted me with being a counting-house thief, a light-fin

"You can guess what followed. I called the fellow out. We fought—he fell—and yield-ing to the impulse of the moment, I fled with

"Good God! how I have suffered since that

And you have worn this mask to hide from long night of torment has been my portion. "I sought Lasalle, in my trouble. He strip-She did not answer, but looked into his face ped the mask from his face, and told me to be with such an earnest, pleading expression that he covered her lips with remorseful kisses.

He did even more than that. He collected all

"For the very reason that you loved me so! when I comprehended the double part he had been playing! He had meant to ruin me all the while. I was sure of it. It was at his Rachel smiled through her tears, but made instigation, I am positive, that the theft was

"What could have been his object in ruining

Dick slowly shook his head. "I cannot tell. It all seems very strange.

"Not Madame Gale?" "No, I scarcely think it was Madame Gale, though she may have been aware of the whole

"Why should you think so?" "I cannot tell you. It was a vague suspicion, confirmed by the fact that Lasalle warned me against returning to my native land. He swore he would have me arrested just so surely as I attempted any such step."

"You braved his power, and did return?"
"Ay, at last. I longed to see Rachel. I could keep away no longer, and so ran the risk 'Lasalle, or Edward Dent, as he is called,

her. From that moment his plans must have taken a new turn. He offered her my life and liberty if she would marry him."

"Ah!" cried Dr. Tremaine, between his shut teeth.

done for him. At last Dr. Tremaine spoke again.

asked Dick, calmly. He trembled a little. So did Rachel. Both

Rachel had shrunk from the subject with a horror akin to fear. Seeing this, Dick had spared her all allusion to the subject. Of

ly calm, collected way. He spoke of meeting Grace in the garden, and repeated what she had "That was my first intimation of Lasalle's

moment "While fleeing wildly through the shrub-He dropped his hands, and turned his pale bery, I heard a pistol-shot close at hand. I sprung into the glade where the murder was

> man standing over him. Rachəl started up with a suppressed shriek.
> "A woman! Oh, Dick, Dick!" and she flung her arms about him, sobbing hysterically.

> did not?' "I did not," he answered, firmly.

God for that!" "Why did you suspect me?" he demanded, "Was I not wounded myself? How could that have happened if I had shot

"But I did not. The woman struck me

"Oh, yes, yes. "She turned upon me like a fury, as I ran I recognized her at a glance, for she was no stranger to me. There was sufficient light

you remember. Where had you seen the woman before? asked Dr. Tremaine.

"In India. Her name is Jane Bell. She she has been little better than a madwoman for several years. Indeed, she was known as

"And she killed Lasalle, or Edward Dent, as

"I think so. She must have heard of his contemplated marriage. But I have not the slightest idea how she tracked him to the

"As I said, I recognized her instantly. The recognition was mutual. 'Ah,' she screamed you have dogged me here to betray me! You

myself there. She was still standing beside the dead body when I saw her last." 'She must be found," said Dr. Tremaine Rachel did not speak. But she drew Dick's

long, clinging kiss. God bless you, my sister," he whispered. God had blessed her, for the night of her sorrow was over, and in the eastern horizon of

"All the while," she answered, in a low, fatal hour!" he cried out, sharply. "I might better have endured a thousand deaths. One

> found a covert he cruelly drove me from it.
> "Ah, how I learned to loathe that man committed."

> you?" asked Dr. Tremaine

plot. I am sure it was some person of greater influence than madame.'

'Did he give any reason for this opposition?'

followed you?"
"Yes. He saw Rachel, and fell in love with

A brief silence followed. Rachel was crying softly. She saw how terribly her brother must have suffered, and her heart bled for him. She did not regret anything she had

"We have heard enough of the past," he said.
"Now tell me of that night." 'The night when Lasalle was murdered?"

were longing to hear his story of what had happened then, told in his own way. And yet neither one nor the other had dared ask for the particulars before.

Dr. Tremaine he had never felt disposed to make a confidant, until this moment. But now he began to tell the story in a strange-

sed through a good deal already."

Was angry, desperate. I don't know what I was angry, desperate in the madness of the

ommitted, and there I saw Lasalle, weltering Dr. Tremaine went up to him, and drew his in his own blood, and a horrible-looking old Then you did not fire the fatal shot?-you

"Thank God!" she screamed; "oh, thank

him dead at my feet?" "It might-I thought-you might have entage, or at least would tell us nothing. But received your wound in the first place," she

for that purpose. The moon was nearly full,

was Lasalle's reputed wife, I believe. But that was many years ago—when she was a younger and prettier woman. She loved him, and was desperately jealous of his attentions to other women. She has threatened his life more than once, if he ever dared to marry;

nean to drag me back again. But you shall "Then she sprung upon me, and inflicted the wound from which I suffer before I could help myself. I grew suddenly sick and faint, and could only crawl into the shrubbery and hide

face down to her own, and their lips met in a

her life she saw the promise of a glorious

with a knife she must have taken from Lasalle's

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONFESSION THE next morning Dr. Tremaine began the search for Jane Bell.

It was poor Dick's only chance for life and liberty—the finding of this wretched, forlorn creature. It seemed very hard, but then the innocent must not suffer for the guilty.

It was a wild, wet morning, the rain beating against the casements, the wind howling fearfully among the great trees surrounding the

Dr. Tremaine cared little for the inclement of the weather. With a great cloak ruttoned securely about him, he sallied forth, taking a short cut to the glade where the murder had been committed.

He had somewhere read or heard of the singular mania that induces some murderers to haunt the scene of their crime, and had set out with this forlorn hope in his mind.

His brain was busy. He thought over the story Dick had told him the day before, from beginning to end. Strange suspicions came to him as he did so. Was Mrs. Heathcliff mixed up in this affair? If so, to what extent? Was it she who had induced Lasalle to play such a treacherous part to Dick?

He would have given much for the power to solve this mystery. But it was impenetrable. He scarcely knew why he had dreamed of connecting Mrs. Heathcliff with it in any manner except her eagerness for Dick's arrest, for he could no longer doubt but that she had really been at the window that night when Rache thought she saw her.

Though his brain was burdened with all this mystery, he walked firmly on, through marsh and mud and mire, the wind wailing in his ears, and the rain splashing all about him on the leaves and grasses.

He reached the glade. A poor, forloru creature sat crouching underneath the tree in the middle. He caught a glimpse of a dirty, mud-bespattered gown, and straggling gray locks falling over a pair of crooked shoulder then went softly up and stood beside the pitiful

My poor woman," he said, gently. the sound of his voice she started up wildly, and sought to fly. But her limbs re-fused to support her. She tottered, and fell back moaning into his outstretched arms.

"I know you," she cried, shrilly. "Blood, ood, blood! It has found voice at last, as I knew it would. It rises up from the ground and screams for vengeance. You have heard it, and are come to take me away with you. She was drenched to the skin; her face ashy pale; her eyes wild and bloodshotten. They

turned upon Dr. Tremaine with a truly mani acal glare. Poor creature" he said, "do not look at me like that. I have no wish to harm you."
"What!" she cried. "You didn't come to

hang me? I know better. Isn't it written 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth '? And doesn't it mean, too, a life for a life?" She laughed at her own cunning, a low,

harsh, terrible laugh. "Yes," he answered. "But it is also written, 'love your enemies."

A sudden change swept over her face. She dropped it into her hands, and began rocking her body violently to and fro, for she had re leased herself from Dr. Tremaine's arms, and was sitting on the damp ground again.
"I told him I would do it," she murmured,

as if talking to herself. "I loved him, but I told him I would do it. I should have died myself if another had taken my place and borne the name that was rightfully mine And so I killed him. Yes, I killed him!" she cried, in loud, startling tones, lifting her ashy face once more. "He stood vonder, where those daisies are trampled down, and I sho him dead at my feet! I killed him—I killed him! God forgive me—I killed him!"

She flung up her arms wildly, shrieking out the last words in a perfect frenzy.
"Hush," said Dr. Tremaine, soothingly. 'You must not excite yourself.'

"I killed him," she repeated, over and over gain. "It was the only way to make him mine in this world and the next (To be continued—commenced in No. 378.)

A FEATHER.

'Drop me a feather out of the blue, Bird flying up to the sun;"
Higher and higher the skylark flew,
But dropped he never a one.

Only a feather I ask of thee, Fresh from the purer air;"
Upward the lark flew bold and free
To heaven, and vanished there.

Only the sound of a rapturous song Throbbed in the tremulous light; Only a voice could linger long At such a wondrous hight.

"Drop me a feather!" but while I cry, Lo! like a vision fair, The bird from the heart of the glowing sky Sinks through the joyous air.

Downward sinking and singing alone But the song which was glad above

Takes ever a deeper and dearer tone For it trembles with earthly love. And the feather I asked from the boundle

heaven Were a gift of little worth; or, oh! what a boon by the lark is given When he brings all heaven to earth!

Detective Dick:

THE HERO IN RAGS.

BY CHARLES MORRIS AUTHOR OF "WILLFUL WILL," "NOBODY'S BOY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. WE have seen the parlor of Mr. Andrews' residence, on the occasion of Mr. Williamson's somewhat curt dismissal. We will now betake ourselves to the sitting-room of the same man-

It is an elegantly appointed apartment, fur nished in the richest taste. Several valuable pictures adorn the walls, and about the room are scattered costly articles of ornament. It has altogether that home-like aspect of a room whose adornment has grown out of the needs and tastes of its inmates.

A deep bay window occupies the lower end of the room. Here, seated in an easy-chair, her feet resting on a tall footstool, reclines a matronly lady. She has once been very pretty, and still wears much of her good looks, though age has broadened the lines of her face, and added a decided look of worldly wisdom.

Opposite her sits, in a small chair, her arm resting on the sill of the open window, a young lady, whose beautiful face seems a spiritual copy of that of the matron. They are really mother and daughter-Mrs. Andrews and her

Mrs. Andrews plays leisurely with her fan, for the day is warm for mid-April, and the sun bathes the face of the window in fervent

"Then you did as I wished?" remarked the other. "You simply dismissed him, without mother.

entering into reasons or argument?"
"Yes, mother," with a weary expression;
"And I was never so thoroughly disgusted with myself in my life before.'
"Why so? The dismissal of a music-teacher

is not such a vital matter." "I don't know," returned Helen, with a quick movement of impatience. "I mismanaged it, I suppose. I know I must have made it look as if I had some personal objection to

him. He seemed much hurt." "Oh, that matters very little," replied Mrs. Andrews. "That will easily mend; he can cure his wounds with a new scholar."

"I am afraid a host of new scholars will not have that effect," and Helen rested her head wearily on the window-sill.

The sunlight struck her soft brown hair, and played about it like an aureole of bright The mother dropped her fan to look ad-

miringly at her. 'Do you know, Helen, that you are growing more and more beautiful?" she said, with the air of an artist. "I wish that sunlight effect

ould only be made perpetual."

Helen drew herself back with a vexed move ment. The loosened hair flowed in a wave over her forehead, with a gleam as if it had imprisoned some of the sunlight.

"You cannot help looking beautiful, my dear," added her mother. "But those impatient movements are never very graceful. "Forgive me," murmured Helen; "I did not mean to annoy you. But I cannot help feel-

ing troubled and out of sorts with myself just "I fear your music-lessons were allowed to

go on even too long," averred Mrs. Andrews, using her fan rapidly.
"Why so? No one can object to him as a

'You have been growing entirely too much considered as a teacher only—nothing more. I would not have my daughter stoop to waste a second thought on any one so far below her in station.

'He is a gentleman," declared Helen, proud-"I fear I have not always impressed him

as a lady. "This is ridiculous, child. As if it was of the least importance what he chose to think I am glad that your connection with him has en broken off. A man not only of the lower classes, but seemingly without known father or

'Who told you that?" demanded Helen with a quick flush upon her face. "That is the reason, then, that I had to give him up? But I know who told you.

There was a glitter in the young lady's eyes and her lips were closely set.
"It does not matter who told me," answered

her mother, with dignity. "The only question is as to its truth."

Excuse me, mother; that is not the ques tion at all. I do not court social disgrace do I fear it, if justice and the opinions of so ety come in conflict. The real question is as to the spite which has thus thought to injure a deserving young man, by what may be an in-"My dear, I am surprised that you should

permit yourself to become excited," said Mrs. Andrews, nestling more cosily in her chair, and waving the fan with a long, indolent sweep. "There's nothing more plebeian; and I really object to any animated discussion on the subject of a mere music teacher.

"A mere man!" retorted Helen, with some sarcasm. "Yet it is not he who excited me, but our blue-blooded Mr. Williamson. The essen of gentility that runs in the veins of our social nobility should certainly not be tainted with such low vices as lying and spitefulness."
"If it is the truth I can see no crime in telling it," decided Mrs. Andrews, a little

"Truth may be made a vice if told with a spiteful purpose.

You cling to that word spite, Helen. What possible spite can Mr. Williamson bear against this man?"

A slight flush came to Helen's cheek, as she turned her head partly away, as if to look out of the window. She made no answer for a minute, the mother's eyes resting curiously on her ingenuous face.

"Whatever his reasons, the fact remains,' responded Hel-n, with an excited accent. "And I despise him for it! It matters nothing to me if one has the entree to the best society and the other not. Whatever fortune man have done for them, the fact remains that Mi Spencer has been born a gentleman, and Mr Williamson not."

You are assuming too much now, Helen. "I am assuming nothing. Suppose it all be true that Williamson says—nay, all that he implies—even then the stubborn fact remains that his base gossip lowers him far more than his birth can possibly lower Mr. Spencer. All that cant of the invisible virtue of aristocratic birth is dying out in modern society. Men are learning to take their neighbors for what they are, not what some absurd social code de clares them.

The young lady's voice was a little warm, and she spoke with much energy of accent.
"Well, you are improving, Helen," declared her mother, sarcastically. "I think it was high time that I changed your associations Yet people generally, even in these democratic days, would hardly care to mix with gentle men born out of lawful wedlock-people in our

"I fear that if people in our set knew all, they would be still less inclined to associate

As she spoke Helen had risen, and stood, resting one hand on the chair back, her face and the whole pose of her body seeming fuil of indignant scorn of the verdict of

Mrs. Andrews lifted her long lashes, indo lently, and rested her eyes for a moment in admiration upon the graceful pose of her daughter, full of an unconscious charm that would have stirred the soul of an artist to its depths.
"Knew all?"

"Yes," somewhat curtly.

"There is more, then, to know?"
"Suppose I tell you," and now Helen spoke quickly, and with repressed excitement, this young man has sinned beyond redemption—in making an unscrupulous enemy."
"What can you mean?" was the indolent

answer. "I mean that Harry Spencer has been arrested -this very day-in my presence. Ar rested for no less a crime than being an ac omplice of counterfeiters. The proof was

found in his house." Why, girl, you take my breath!" exclaimed Mrs. Andrews, starting up from her reclin ing posture.

"It is all true."

"And you still defend him? Did you expect anything better from one of his sort?"
"I still defend him!" answered Helen, seem

ing to gain the calmness which her mother had "I believe-I know that he is innocent. Therefore I defend him. Justice shall be done. He shall be freed from this false charge. And he loses nothing, in my estimation, because he is accused of a crime which he never com-

"The proofs found in his own house? What widence is your girlish belief against that? You are letting a childish imagination run away with you now, Helen."

I know he is the victim of some base plot! shall never desert him while I believe him in-

'Do you remember about whom you are talking, Helen, or the character of his relations with you?" asked her mother, with much dignity of manner. "This is only your musiceacher; not your friend and associate. he seems to have effectually put a bar to any further lessons—unless, indeed, you should de-sire to take them in his prison cell." Her voice had grown very sarcastic.
"There will be no need of that," Helen re-

turned, quietly. "And why not? I think he will hardly get

bail on such a charge.' "There are strong circumstances in his faor, mother. I am satisfied that the judge will accept bail for him."

"It must be some heavy amount, then And who is his wealthy friend who will risk much on his honesty?" "The friend is found. I have directed Mr.

Widdin to see that he obtains bail, on the security of my private inheritance. "Why, child, are you mad?" cried Mrs. An-ews, hotly. "But this is ridiculous. A wodrews, hotly.

nan cannot go bail." "I think my offer, with power of attorney in Mr. Widdin's hands, will be accepted," re-plied Helen. "I think, indeed, that Mr. Spen-cer is already free. I have no fears of his

"But for you to take such an action! Without consulting me or your father!" exclaimed the excited and agitated woman.

"Excuse me, mother, I did consult with fa-er. He quite agreed with me. I had no time to see you. And I knew, of course, that you would not agree to what I had determined

"It was just like your father!" cried Mrs. Andrews, turning her tide of anger from her esolute daughter to the absent husband. s full of all sorts of radical and nonsensical leas, and he has infected you with the same ebeian proclivities. Mrs. Andrews hurried from the room, not

laring to trust herself further under her angry

"I knew there must be a scene with mother," murmured Helen, sadly. "I am glad the worst of it is over."

CHAPTER XII.

A WATER-RAT.

But what of Dick, whom we left clinging to the rudder-posts of the yacht Molly?

The boy was very quick of hearing, and his

acute senses were strained to not miss a word of the important conversation which he hoped to overhear. Yet for the first five minutes the voices of the two men in the cabin were pitched in too low a key for him to catch a conected sentence.

Shifting his position so as to get his right foot on one of the rudder-irons, Dick gained a more comfortable location, and one that brought his ear nearer to the open window.

The voices of the two men, also, grew unconsciously louder as they proceeded with their conversation, Turner's half-tipsy condition interfering with his natural cauti Struck his fancy from the start; I could ee that," he said, decidedly. "I don't think it was so much the money—though there's mighty few men to whom a pile ain't an ob-

What was it, then?" spoke the deeper tones of Mr. Williamson

"The mystery. You see, he's been troubled heart about who his father and mother were. Had a fear of something day, too. Why, as soon as I broached the matter, is eyes lit up like two stars on a dark sky.

"We will dispense with the poetical part of the subject," put in Mr. Williamson, coldly. "Did you let out anything about the locatio of the property, or the residence or condition

"Certainly; told the city they lived in, and all that.' "I should be very little surprised if you did.

Especially if you let anybody pour liquor into "Told him they lived in New Orleans, and were French creoles," protested Turner. "Guess that's far enough off the track. Told him it was out of the question to say a word

more till I was sure he was the son.' 'And asked him for remembrances of his infancy? And relics, if he had any?" inquired

"Now it's comin'," thought Dick. "If I miss a word now, I'd jist better let go my holt, and drown myself for an idyot. Never see'd anything so well primed as I've got them."

His face broadened with a silent laughter

that was full of intense enjoyment of the situ-"He let it out freely enough," replied Tur-"Didn't seem to smell a mouse any where. He remembers well a large stone

house, with extensive grounds around it. It was neither city nor country, for there were numbers of houses near, with broad pleasurecounds around each.' "What was the house like?" "That he could not well describe. It was

mething of the old-fashioned style, with stone outbuildings "Jist so!" thought Dick, noting these details

in his memory. takin' it in." "Dig in, my cove. I'm a-"Had he any further recollections?"

"Yes. Of a beautiful lady, dressed in blue silk, and wearing a very bright stone in her There was also a tall, handsome gendeman, who fondled and made much of him. That's down, brick-top," was Dick's mental "Slide ahead.

"Anything more?"
"Nothing that he could recall. His next ecollection is of being very roughly used, and forced to beg on the streets in company with an old crone, who beat him when he failed to

bring home money."
"It will be important to learn the name and residence of that crone," asserted Williamson.
"Also her description. Did he have any remembrance of this being in Boston?"

The woman must have brought him on to Philadelphia. She probably stole the child for the sake of his fine clothes, and with the purpose of aiding her in her begging opera tions, and came to Philadelphia to avoid de-

"Any fool mought see that," muttered Dick.

"And now as to relics of his childhood," gayest sell out."

He continue suggested Williamson. "These will be most

important." 'Sartain sure they will," thought Dick.

crone who stole him," Turner went on. "All he had left belonging to his youth is a bronze medal, and a curiously-knit chain attached to it. This he remembers to have had in his This he remembers to have had in his out help." childhood.

"Good! We must have that medal." "I expect to see him again," declared Turer. "You know of his being arrested on a charge of counterfeiting, and that the alderman

as put him under heavy bail?" "He should have put him in prison," declared Williamson, harshly. "He must have een a fool to accept bail on such a charge. You must see Spencer at once, and try and

learn where he keeps the medal and chain "I will hunt him up to day. But understand, I cannot do any pickpocket or burglar "You can't!" thought the listener. "You-

re mean enough to steal green persimmons and sell them for apricots." 'Get it from him by any lie you can manuacture. If he won't take, find where he keeps I am bound to have the Milton estate, and

won't be stopped by any slight difficulty 'Going to play the lost heir?" asked Turner. "His recollections will be of no use if some pody else has them in advance of him. nim again on that subject; he may recall some new points. And the medal will clinch the business. The old woman who stole him will swear black is white if I instruct her to."

"I see," confessed Turner. blamed shrewd one. The old lady Milton will swallow it all as easy as a cat swallows milk.

What a precious son you will make."
"I?" said Williamson, quickly. "No, no,
my paternity is too well known. I have my man, though.

Who? "Well, it will soon be no secret. Captain "Well, if I ain't holed a precious pair of

rascals then whitewash me, that's all." Dick had to admit, to himself. "Got that whole biz mapped out, But, they're mighty shy of the counterfeit bizness. Bricktop talks as if he veren't in that ring."

Dick's position by this time had grown un-

bearably unpleasant. He shifted his feet and tried to make himself more comfortable. 'n loing so his hands slipped, and—the parties in the cabin were suddenly startled by a heavy plash in the water. Turner ran to the cabin win low and looked

There was nothing visible, though a cir le of wave-rings was spreading in the water from the rudder post outward. Williamson, alarmed lest their conversation should have been overheard, ran on deck and looked warily into the water all around the boat. But there was no object to be seen, and the ring of wavelets was rapidly dying out

"It is strange," he said. "Something must have fallen from the wharf. Though I cannot "Something must

"It must have been a fish jumped," suggested Turner, appearing on deck. "Fish of that size don't swim in the docks, said Williamson, incredulously.

ever it is it has gone to the bottom, so we need not care much. Attend to that matter in stantly, Turner, and report to me at or And mind, let us have no more tippling while this affair is in hand." 'I don't think any fresh water sailor, or salt water either, for that matter, will make a

fool of me again easily."
"Don't forget that," said Williamson, as he left the vessel, and walked briskly up the

"That splash was blamed queer," growled Turner, looking again reflectively into the He shook his head doubtfully as he turned

and went below. At the same moment, from behind a small pasting smack that occupied the opposite side f the dock, there appeared a grinning boy ace, washed clean of the dirt it had lately

gathered while rooting behind the post. "It's jist the biggest fish you ever see'd, said the boy, with a hearty laugh. to flung your line over. Mought have cotched him. Bless your eyes, Williamson, there ain't a fish in the Delaware kin swim under water

Dick crawled up the wharf and stood in the unlight on the top of the wharf log, the water dripping from him as from a drowned rat. Reckon I've guv my new clothes a season-

etter nor Dick Darling

n'," he said, trying to squeeze some of the superabundant water out of them. now soon it rains now. Can't spile my fixin's. He got out of that locality, and laid himself out in the sun to dry in a board yard not far distant, removing and spreading out his outer garments till there was little left but his bare skin for the sun to act on.

But, we must leap over a space of time, and present Dick, thoroughly dried, renovated, and remarkably well washed-for him, in a different locality.

It is near the evening of the same day, and in the region of Fourth and Walnut, that we again take up our water-rat, lounging about with his eyes turned toward the door of the ouilding containing Mr. Williamson's office.

An express wagon, loaded with goods, stops

in front of the door, and Dick hurries over to that side of the street. The expressman fumbles awhile among his parcels, and then takes out a small, oblong

'Here, boy, hold this a minute," he calls to Dick, handing him the package, while he extricates himself from his constrained position. Dick takes instant opportunity to read its "ANDREW WILLIAMSON,

Fourth and Walnut Sts., Philadelphia." On the opposite side was the broad card of the Adams Express Co., dated at Chester, Pa.,

"That will do, my lad," said the express man, cheerily, as he took the package. me for a sugar plum the next time you see

you'd guv me now!" thought Dick, as he walk-ed easily away. "Guess I've done my day's But his day's work was not yet performed.

"If you only knowed what a sugar plum

He had not gone any great distance on his homeward journey ere he formed a new resolution 'Allers best to strike while the iron's hot," he declared. "Don't do to leave bizness like this open if you don't want it to spile. Guess I'd best go see my detectives and sort out some

work for them. Dick laughed silently as a comical thought "Bet there ain't many customers in these

"Bosting, though. Won't do to forgit Bosting." tives as Dick Darling. And the beauty of it is, they think they're using me. That's the

He continued his silent enjoyment of the thought as he made his way toward the domi-

cil of Ned Hogan. "I'll guv Hogan the Chester job, 's long as 'Pile in, redhead; let's have your relicks."

"His clothes were probably all sold by the rone who stole him," Turner went on. "All work the Bosting lay. Guess that's a fair divide

> He found Hogan at home, seated behind his everlasting meerschaum, which he was wasting his life in efforts to color. At least his persistent application seemed to indicate that as

> 'Got five minutes fer you," announced Dick, with an air of great importance, as he deposited himself in the nearest chair. "Want you to write a letter in double quick.'

"Sartain!" assented Hogan, enjoying what seemed to strike him as a good joke. "What is it to be? Propel. He drew pen, ink and paper from the draw-

er of his desk. "Want you to write to your watch-dog, Harris, at Chester. I'll jist guv you the p'ints. You kin shape them. Mr. Andrew Williamson, of this big town, jist got a package from Chester by Adams Express. Must have been sent yisterday or this mornin'. Now I want Harris to find out all he kin 'bout that package; who sent it, what kind of a cove he was, where he hails from, or any particklars he kin stir

up. Do you take it in?"
"Yes," averred Hogan. "Are you in earn-

'Solid; nothing else now."

'Here goes then.' Hogan proceeded to write as directed by Dick, folding and sealing the letter.

"And now, what the blazes is it all about?"
he demanded, holding the letter in his hand.
"Have you trod into any lark's nest?"

"Guv me the letter," was Dick's only reply.
I'll post it, "Tain't safe to answer your ques-"I'll post it. "Tain't safe to answer your ques-tion yet. Want to hear from Harris fust.

Mought be barkin' up the wrong tree."

Dick took his departure, hastening to the nearest lamp-post to deposit his letter.
"So much fur my white alley," he laughed. And if Ned Hogan thinks I'm goin' to sell out to him he dunno where I got my eddication. Ain't diggin' up purtaters for no sich chaps as him to eat. Guess I'll butter my own biscuit."

And Dick, with much self-importance, made his way toward the hotel patronized by the vernment detectives. (To be continued—commenced in No. 383.)

GONE!

BY WILL LISENBEE,

The soft June winds steal gently by Where daisies thickly grow, And violets bluer than the sky Sway gently to and fro.

Slowly the sun sinks down to rest-Slowly the shadows creep Across the fields and o'er the breast Of the river clear and deep.

Oh, how I used to love to go,
When she was by my side,
And watch the river's silent flow
At dusky eventide!

The Giant Rifleman:

But now she's gone! I'm left to bear My loss the best I can; She's not gone to that heavenly sphere, But—with another man!

Wild Life in the Lumber Regions. BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "SURE-SHOT SETH," "DAKOTA DAN,"
"RED ROB, THE BOY ROAD-AGENT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII. MRS. ZANE'S VISITORS. AFTER his failure to capture Goliah Strong Captain Spencer returned to camp, furious He slept but little that night for something like a presentiment of coming danger had unstrung his nerves and disturbed his

eace of mind. Early the next morning he went over to the eabin of the old cranberry-picker to make some further arrangements for his marriage with pretty Ida Zane.

He did not remain over an hour at the abin, and as he bowed himself out at the door he discovered two Indian squaws in dirty, red blankets land at the foot of the hill and beach heir canoe—a tiny bark craft of elaborate workmanship.
"I say, Ida," he said, turning and address-

ing the maiden, "you are to have company-a ouple of ladies from Alleghan." He then turned and moved on toward the anding. On the way he met the blanketed squaws who stepped aside for him to pass; and as he did so he threw out one of his booted feet and tripped the foremost squaw up. With a groan she fell heavily upon the earth.

lain passed on, and reaching the water's edge stepped into the Indian's canoe, to which he had taken a fancy, and seating himself paddled away down the stream. The squaws moved on to the cabin. They approached the door shyly. Ida and her mother were very indifferent as to their presence, for

With an outburst of brutal laughter the vil-

begging squaws called frequently at the home f the cranberry-pickers. Ida met them at the door and demanded: "What do you want to-day?"
"Nothing but rest," replied one in pure Eng-

lish, and in a sweet, musical tone that not or surprised our heroine but at once appealed directly to her kind young heart.
"Come in then," Ida said, leading the way into the cabin.

Chairs were given the women, but before seating themselves they threw aside their greasy blankets revealing garbs that were of some fine texture, and fitting their forms neatly. Hoops of gold encircled their arms and wrists, and jewels flashed in their raven tresses. Neither of them possessed features at all characteristic of their race; and one of them spoke such pure English that Ida and her nother at once mistrusted them of being white women in disguise, come there to inquire into

their secluded life. "Where do you live?" Ida inquired of them, after they had been seated. "At Alleghan," was the answer of the elder

"What are your names?"
"My name is Maneelah, and that of my sister Summer-Rose. She is the daughter of Po-kahgan, and the flower of the tribe."

Maneelah. "I have lived all my days with the white people. Many of them dwell at Alleghan, the home of the Pottawatomies. Moreover, my diggin's keeps as fine a pack of private detec-

You speak my language well," said Ida to

husband is a pale-face.'

"He no longer loves me," she spoke figuratively.

Where is he now?" "I know not. He left here a few minutes

'Whom do you mean?" exclaimed Mrs.

Zane.
"Randolph Spencer!" was the startling an-

A cry of surprise burst from Mrs. Zane's

lips. "Woman! you are uttering a falsehood!"

she cried. "I speak the truth; Randolph Spencer is my lawful husband, and yet he would marry that innocent child," said the squaw, pointing to Ida, while her eyes fairly blazed with the fire of pent-up emotions; "we were concealed under some drooping willows in our canoe when her young lover left her yesterday. We heard Randolph Spencer come to her and abuse

"Oh, my God!" cried Mrs. Zane, wringing her hands in grief, "when will my troubles be bet."

You, too, then, have had a life of trouble?" the Indian woman said, inquiringly.

"Yes, yes, it is woman's lot to suffer."
"It seems so," replied Maneelah; "years ago mine began when I was young and lighthearted as your pretty daughter. I was forced to marry Spencer by a cruel, selfish guardian who thought more of gold than human happi ness. I soon hated Spencer with all the intensity of my soul, because I loved another. And Spencer, soon tiring of me, deserted one and then I was almost alone in the cold, cruel world which held but little sympathy for the discarded wife. But, thank God, I had a kind and loving brother who took me to his far-off frontier-home, and there I lived for years in seclusion and quietude. Were his desertion of me the only crime of which he was guilty I could easily forgive him, because I knew could not be what a wife should be to him, and

at the same time love another. Then he has other crimes resting upon his said Mrs. Zane "I believe, although I am not certain, that the curse of Cain rests upon his soul. He had a half-brother named Randolph Spencer—his own name being Henry Mount. These brothers favored each other so closely that one was often mistaken for the other. Many times have I heard Henry Mount, my husband, make the remark that if Randolph should suddenly disappear he could pass himself as the missing man, and at the same time declare that it was Henry that was missing. After I had been in my frontier home awhile the news came to my ears that Henry Mount had been found dead in the river, and everything went to show that he had been murdered. I thought at the time of what Henry had often said, and knowing that Randolph was very wealthy I wondered if Henry had dealt foully with him. Time went on and the first thing I knew I heard that one Randolph Spencer and James Trimble had purchased a large tract of timber-land on the South Black river, and with a large force of workmen had commenced chopping and rafting. I wondered if it was the Randolph Spencer whom I had once known, and waited a long while before I got to see him. One day he passed through our settlement on a hunting excursion and I got a glimpse of him; but for my life I couldn't tell whether it was Henry or Randolph. My general impression, however, was that it was Randolph; and, if so, I felt satisfied that Henry had murdered him and then taken his brother's name. The uncertainty of this identity preyed upon my mind day and night; and I finally resolved to end the suspense and doubt I was laboring under by ascertaining the facts in the case. I knew that

were married. "Nearly a year ago, I, in company with a end, descended the Black river, and one friend, de night paddled our canoe over and landed on a large raft upon which Spencer was known to Watching my chances, for it was dark and dangerous footing on the raft, I stole forward and when the captain sat bolt upright in a half-drunken stupor, I walked into the tent and carefully raising his long beard, saw the telltale scar upon his throat. He was Henry Mount, and not Randolph Spencer; and this very fact convinces me that he murdered his brother for his property, then left that country and came here, hoping to escape identification. This, my friends, is the truth, though it is not all of which Henry Mount is guilty. I tell you this much that you may es-

peculiarities of his brother to a wonderful de-

gree of success; and there was but one thing

about Henry by which I could identify him be

yond doubt. This was a large scar extending

across the cheek and throat where he had been

wounded in a drunken row the year he and I

living he was imitating all the

cape the monster's clutches 'Ah! I see you are not an Indian," said Mrs. Zane, greatly excited.

; I am a white woman, as you can see she replied, revealing a bosom of snowy whiteness. "My name is Edith Mount."

Does he know that you are living?" Ida asked, her eyes swimming in tears of both joy

'He did know it a few evenings ago, though he supposed I was dead-a victim of anothe urder of his; and when he discovered I was living, he attempted to kill me again. fired at me, inflicting a severe wound in the knows that they are in our possession. breast from which I am now suffering. When will move heaven and earth, and ransack hell that same inhuman monster tripped me up a few minutes ago, under the impression that I | thar they come in force-more than twenty of was an old squaw, the fall hurt me very

"Oh, poor, persecuted soul!" cried Mrs. Zane; "you have saved my child from ruin and death, for in two days more she would have been wedded to that villain!"

I learned some time ago, through a friend, that he was paying respects to a young girl here; and it was to warn her that I came to the Blue Marsh to-day."

"God bless you!" exclaimed the mother, and falling upon her knees she clasped the hands of Edith, while her white lips moved in a prayer of thanks to Him who sees the fall of every sparrow, and holds the destiny of each soul in the hollow of His hand.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A LIVELY RACE.

But little sleep came to the eyes of Goliah Strong and his friends, after Old Wolverine and one of the bee-hunters left camp for the Thoughts of the restoration of his father's fortune kept Nattie Darrall awake, restless and impatient. Goliah was calm thoughtful and watchful, for he could not dismiss all fears of danger from his mind.

fasting on wild turkey, Goliah said:
"Boys, it will be noon or after before Wolverine and Ed return; and as we can do nothing here, suppose we make a flying visit over to the Blue Marsh? We have no time to

"I'm in for it!" exclaimed Nattie, eagerly. "Anything will suit me," said Frank Bal-

Goliah took a slip of paper from his pocket, and with a pencil wrote their intention upon it and then pinned the same to the tree under which they were encamped, that Wolverine and Ed might know where they were, should the two return from the Points before they came back from the marsh. This done, they took their departure.

About noon Old Wolverine and Ed Mathews returned from the Points with the spade; but were astonished to find their friends had deserted camp, and from all appearances, hours before. Goliah's notice, however, did not escape their eyes, and when Ed had read it, all fears subsided

"They'll not be back af re night, Edward," Old Wolverine said; "if Goliar goes up than her for permitting her gallant boy-lever to and finds that woman his wife, and that gal Ida, his darter, he'll not leave thar right away that's my 'pinion. I wouldn't, you may

"Well, why can't we begin the search for those Darrall papers?" Ed asked. "We can, if you remember the instruc-

"I remember every word: 'under an oak tree in the bend between the mouth of the North and South Black rivers,' is what the pa

per said. "Then come along," said Wolverine, and with his rifle upon his shoulder and the spade under his arm, the two set off through the

They penetrated to the river, searching the forest carefully as they advanced. They moved up and down the stream, keeping with in speaking distance apart. For an hour they searched the bend over and over, and Ed ha begun to despair of finding the tree, when sudenly he was startled by a low whistle from

Peering through the dense woods, he saw the old hunter beckoning him toward him, and crossing over to where he stood under a great pak, he was greeted with the exclamation: "Eureka! Eureka!"

Ed jerked off his hat and would have uttered a shout of joy, had Wolverine not enjoined si-ence upon him.

"Thar may be inemies lurkin' about," he said; "moreover, the box may not be under this tree, and so a feller'd better not holler till out o' the woods. But from 'pearances, I should think this war the spot. Thar is a kind of a sink in the ground which looks as though the dirt had settled; and thar on the tree you can see the bark has been blazed off some time

These marks were all very plain, and since the tree was the only oak of any size that they had found, there was not much doubt of its being the one alluded to in Thoms' paper. divesting himself of his rifle and accouterments, Wolverine began digging around the sunken spot previously mentioned. He had not taken out more than half a dozen shovelfuls of dirt when, lo! and behold! he turned up a small box covered with black rust.

'That's it! that's it!" exclaimed Ed, stoop ing, and taking up the box in his hands. Wolverine dropped the spade, and together he and Ed examined the box carefully over. The lid was rusted fast, and in several places the rust had eaten through the tin. They had no difficulty in breaking the box open, and when they did so a package rolled up in a news-

paper fell out. Ed opened the bundle, and found the Darrall papers in a good state of preservation, though quite damp and musty. He glanced over the writing and signatures, and when assured that they were the right papers, he wrapped them in a handkerchief and replaced them in the broken box. At this very juncture a voice, stern and deadly, exelaimed:

"Drop that box where you stand, or die!" Ed started with a cry of horror, and lifting his eyes, he beheld the muzzle of a rifle thrust through a clump of bushes near, and a deadly The face and eye blazing down the barrel. form of the man was concealed; but there was no disguising the voice. It was that of Jim

Trimble Old Wolverine was already covered from danger by the trunk of the great oak, and, acting upon the spur of the moment, Ed leaned to one side as quick as a flash, and placed a tree between himself and the muzzle of the assas sin's gun. Trimble fired, but a second too late whereupon Old Wolverine drew his revolver, and reaching around the tree, began firing rapidly, though at random, upon the enemy.

The latter returned the fire, one or two bullets cutting close to Wolverine's hand

When the old hunter had emptied the last chamber of his revolver, he turned and whistled for his dogs that were out in the woods near As old Baltic came lumbering up from the river, where he had been wallowing in the water, the sound of retreating footsteps was heard on the other side, and peeping around the tree the hunter saw Trimble and the lat Sheriff Maclin running off at the top of their

The dogs had again put them to flight. 'Now, Ed," said the old borderman, "is our time, so let's peg out for tall timber. Thar's no denying the fact that Trimble, one of the sign ers of those notes and the mortgage in that box, and fury to find us. Come along, Ed, for them! It's no use making a stand; they're too many for the Old Guard. Here we go, like a

cootin' brace of meteors. Wolverine and Ed, the latter with the box under one arm, and his rifle under the other, took to their heels, and with all their speed fled

ip the river Trimble, followed by a score of lumbermen and gamblers of South Haven, pursued themelling like demons, and firing their guns and evolvers at random. Bullets whistled and rattled through the shrubbery like hail—many of them passing uncomfortably near to the

heads of the fugitives. The latter soon reached the river, then turned and sped along the shore. Trimble and his men, following close behind, shouted lustily for them to halt, their commands being accompanied by oaths and threats of the most horribl

"Drop that box!" yelled Trimble, "or, by the gods, we will give you no quarter."
"The devil 'll give you quarters in a warm corner," replied Old Wolverine

"Wolverine," cried Ed, "they're gaining upon us rapidly."

'Carry my rifle a moment, then," said Ed. Wolverine dropped back, and taking Mathews' rifle, again dashed on ahead. He had gone but a few paces when he heard something plash in the water, a little behind him, and glancing back over his shoulder, he saw, to his surprise and horror, that oung bee-hunter had thrown the box into the

'My great Lord, boy!" he exclaimed, turning upon the youth, his eyes flashing with indignation, "what in fury did you throw that away fur? Now all is lost—see, the box is floating, and the demons will have it, papers and all.

Ed glanced back and saw that the box had fallen with the open side up, and was floating slowly away at the will of the current. (To be continued--commenced in No. 375.)

One of the World's Mysteries.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"You'll have my last dollar if the 'Nocks' are beaten, Lander," said Cliff Wallace, with a short laugh. "No need of looking for another bet from me. I have only one merit

left. I'll not go in debt to any man."
"And if the most reckless better on the grounds wishes to keep good his reputation, I an suggest the way.

They were very dissimilar associates, looking at them as they stood side by side; one young, handsome, impetuous, with a generous though fiery stream coursing in his veins; the other older, impassive as a waxen man, with the trace of a sneer forever curving his thin

I am willing to risk my chance in all the stakes that are up against your chance for—"
"What?" asked Cliff, impatiently.

"For Wilde!" a startled shock there. Then -"You flatter me by assuming my chance worth so much, and, I must say it, amaze me y intimating that you are in the list of her

Lander smiled his conscious superiority. "When you arrive at my years—always supposing you follow your present course, my dear fellow—nothing in life will have the power to amaze you. Do you make the bet?" For one instant Wallace hesitated. The ball-

ground, the picturesque uniform of the play-ers, the growded benches, the fringe of eager gamins heering the game, all faded away from him for that instant, as it were, and left Wilde Haven's face where she sat opposite, the one absorbing object in his sight. Lander had called him reckless. If he had not been he never could have turned from that sight and said, as he did, passionately: 'Done! But if I lose, may Heaven forgive

me for this hour's work. "Which is more than Wilde would do, barring the last risk," said Lander, coolly. "If you lose the first stakes you lose her just as

"If I did not already know that, do you think I would act as I have done? The deuce!

Lander glanced around to see what had change from sharp impatience in his friend's voice to something very like consternation, and beheld a thin, sallow-faced young man sauntering past.

"The hopeful cousin, eh? Never mind, Cliff. If you do lose, Russ Haven will be no nearer winning for any crumbs of informa-tion he may pick up and carry. Fancy that bloodless creature interfering with either you

"Bloodless!" said Cliff, between his teeth. "By the Lord! I believe he has more heart and feeling in one minute's time than you ever had in all your life. He loves her, at least, If it is not beyond my province to as it, what

has set you to wis' ing to marry Wilde! "It is beyond your province, rather. might be any one of a half-dozen reasons; cause I am hard hit, or mercenary, or that she seems to prefer you, and I choose to cut you out. A consummation which is not at all a

certainty yet." It was soon made a certainty, and mean while, hating himself, and ashamed of having made her a stake, Cliff was filled with a realization of his own passion, which had never seemed half so strong before. His face grew set and his eyes haggard with a sickening ap-prehension of loss before the game ended, and

ade it a reality. He started as Lander touched his shoulder. 'Come, Wallace. You need not advertise the affair by that scowl unless you see fit. Wait awhile before you begin to hate me as your Very likely your loss will be no gain

Cliff had not a word to say. He could not visit the consequence of his own acts upon another. Lander might be the vampire people called him, but through his own folly only ne had lost Wilde. He walked away with a sense of dreary misery oppressing him, and found himself face to face with her, on Russ Haven's arm.

You will not forget your promise, Cliff?" The name pronounced with just the slightest hesitation in the world.

'My promise?" he repeated, vaguely "To teach me 'the new moon's spell, at the wishing well,'" she said, with a pout. "I do believe you have forgotten all about it." "As if I could forget to enter heaven while

the gate was open for me! I will not fail to He would see her once more, he thought, and live again for a few minutes in the joy her presence gave him, before shutting down the barrier which must separate them forever. Which would have done so without that last

stake, for how could he, a ruined man, aspire to the hand of imperious, luxury loving Wilde

"I will see her once more if I die for it," he said, "but this night shall end all."

It did, in a way he little thought. The faint silvery crescent was trembling in the west, and a little breeze bore the sweetness of dying wild roses from a tangled thicket on its invisible wings as Cliff trod the path to the vishing well, and as he reached it recoiled with an electric shock, his blood curdling, his heart sick with horror. Little wonder, for it was the face of a corpse the new moon shone upon—a face frozen with its last awful passion of hate and diabolism upon it—the face of the man who had been his evil genius, who had helped him on from bad to worseof Lander, dead from a blow struck from behind with the dagger buried to its hilt in his

After the first shock of this horrible discovery Cliff remembered Wilde, and hurried away to prevent her coming upon that scene. Just "Mebby we can dodge them up here and git over onto Castle Island. Keep a stiff uppering ip, Ed, and hoe it down lively. If them is called a supportant remembered white, and nurried away to prevent her coming upon that scene. Just in time. She was approaching at a little distance, a "lily-maid" seeming transfigured in the sextremity.

It was he shielded her from the revenge Russ Haven aimed at her; it was he guided her despairing mind from the dark thought of liable to be injured by insects.

Morning at length dawned, and after break- critters git a holt on us they'll be apt to snatch that silvery radiance, with a look in her eyes self-destruction, and taught her that through that silvery radiance, with a took in her eyes and a smile upon her lips which intoxicated him by what they revealed. Then he was holding both her hands in a hard grasp, utterly forgetful of that past horror, and pouring out a passionate tide of words all without apparent volition of his own; winning in return what swept him with a wave of rapture, her promise to be his wife.

That sense of rapture was present with him through all the wild excitement of the time aferward. Who had done the deed?

Pacing the blood-stained ground, and fancy-ing he could still see the stark form lying there, Cliff watched in the early morning until the man for whom he waited came. The redess of sunrise was tinging the grove when a pale face looked forth from a leafy screen, and neeting the gaze of the watcher, Russ Haven's tealthy figure crept reluctantly forward.

"I suppose your mission is the same as mine," he said, sullenly. "Have you found anything to trace the crime?"

"Nothing. You should know that the man who struck that blow was careful to leave no

"The man!" said Russ, with a dissenting shrug. "People say it was more likely a woman, one who had cause to take vengeance

upon him.' 'A woman strike unerringly and with such strength! Do you want to tell me next that you know who did it?" cried Cliff, wrathfully. furtive gleam shot from the other's droop ng eyes, and some inexplicable emotion twitch

ed his lips. "I know who did it and what motive led to the deed," cried Cliff again. "And you-I wonder at your effrontery! It is worthy the coward who would strike unawares a de fenseless man. I came here to say that I know you did it, and to warn you. I will keep the bloody secret on condition only that you leave this place forever. How Wilde's pure soul would shrink from your guilty one, but I al

most pity you, for I know you were mad with love for her. For her sake I spare you."

The thin lips that had turned pale against the sallow face twitched again, and Haven said, jibingly:

"Your leniency is the more remarkable that you have such cause for regret." Then, forcbly-"You are not beggared because he is lead. Thanks for your warning all the same I will heed it.'

He went that very day, but before he went he had a private interview with Wilde What supreme audacity! He came forth from it ore like a man who wore a conscious triumph than the weight of guilt upon his soul.

When they two met again she was Wallace's wife. It was in the dreary north where Wilde's fancy had carried them to pass the oneymoon, though winter was coming on. A dull day, a sheet of leaden water reflecting a eaden sky, and she pacing the shore, impelled by the fever scorching in her veins. Without shadow, and without a sound, she found her eo sin Russ standing there before her, and recoiled with an irrepressible cry.

'You! 'I. Were you not expecting me? Did you think I would not go to the world's end to felicitate you upon your happiness? I only wish it may be as long-lived as your faith deserves, cousin mine, and I venture the prediction that it will be."

The great, white hotel where the Wallaces were stopping overlooked the lake, and Cliff sat by a window staring across the monoto nous vista. He did not move as his wife came in. She was quaking inwardly, beset with a great terror and a desperate hope of still es paping it, as she moved to his side.

We must start for home at once—this very our, Cliff. They are sick there. I have just had a letter.

She could scarcely speak for her quick heart-beats, and her hand shook as she held an open sheet toward him. He turned his ace, and the look he wore forced a moan to

"I, too, have had a letter," he said. "Do you care to read it! There! What have you She shivered as the crumpled paper he tossed oward her fell at her feet, but made no effort

oward picking it up. "Shall I tell you then what a pretty charge the writer of that lays at your door?" he de-manded, bitterly. "Oh, Wilde! Oh, wife!" With a sudden movement he caught her wrist in a cruel grasp. "Look at me, until I see if you are really so bad and yet so fair. cannot! A lovely demon, and I have taken

He flung her from him, her frame convulsed with dry sobbing, her wild gaze seeking his with an agony of pleading for which she could find no words.

Oh, Cliff-husband-have mercy! "Mercy for the murderess." She shrunk under the word as if it had been a blow. "I have no room for doubt left, and yet if you were to look me in the eyes and tell me it is not so, I could almost find it in my heart to

pelieve you, I have loved you so. "And I you. Oh, believe that, whatever ill you know of me—believe that always. It was

ecause I loved you, Cliff." "What was? That foul deed? He had uined me, but he had no power over you." "He had, the power to separate you and me

orever. Oh, through no fault of yours. Pity ne! he was my husband."

Wallace fell back in the chair from which he had arisen, half stunned.

"Go on," he said, hoarsely. "Tell me all." With the recklessness of desperation she told Of the runaway marriage which had been a girl's folly, of the interference of friends who had kept the matter quiet, and the cool heartlessness of the man whose short-lived passion had worn to satiety first and then in difference. How she had loved him-Cliffand plead for freedom only to be repulsed and goaded to despair. How she had been threatened with the exposure of her secret while in

that mood. Her wild confession broke there, but he took "There was a witness to the crime, your

false to him, too?" "I knew it. I promised to marry him. He made that the price of his silence. I never meant to keep the promise. I knew him to be mean and sordid, and I hoped to bribe him at know all I dared for you. Hate me and sc me if you must, I have been happy. It is all

over now, I suppose. All over indeed, but his sternness and anger melted away from him. He had loved her so! How he suffered, how he pitied her sufferings! The impassable barrier between their two lives had arisen at last. He was too true at heart, too conscious of his own faults, to desert her in

Only one of the world's mysterie, which defies public unraveling, and the world wonders that Mrs. Wallace, whose husband has nobly redeemed a wild youth, should not be happy. Her husband in name only, and her punishment is none the less that he so generously share the burden.

Base-Ball.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

CHAMPIONSHIP contests are now the order of he day from the United States championship down to the championship of a country town, or even a city ward. Below we give a record of the games played for United States chamionship honors by the nine most prominent refessional clubs of the country. The table of gures is as follows:

THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN TWO										
CLUBS.	Allegheny	Boston	Brooklyn	Chicago	(moinnati.	Jardianapolis :	Louisville.	St. Louis	Star	Games won
Allegheny Boston Brooklyn Chicago Cincinnati Indianapolis Louisville St. Louis Star	3 2 0 0 0 0 0 3	1 3 1 0 1 0 3 1	0 2 1 0 0 4 3 1	243 11331	0423 1532	1 2 2 1 0 1 2	242122 21	0125132 2	14020400	7 24 16 15 5 12 14 15 13
Games lost	8	10	11	18	20	11	16	16	11	121

It will be seen that the Bostons have a deeided lead, and that Cincinnati is last on the list, it being a close fight between the other nines. The games recorded are those played

In the League pennant arena up to July 8th

Clubs.	Boston	Louisville	St. Louis	Hartford	Chicago	Cincinnati .	the second second second
Boston Louisville St. Louis Hartford Chicago Cincinnati	- 0 3 3 1 0	4 2 2 1 2	1 2 2 5 1	243	4 3 3 3 - 1	45323	11111
Games lost	7	11	11	10	14	17	7

This leaves the clubs occupying the follow-

CLUBS.	Games won.	Games los
Boston		7
St. Louis		11
Hartford		
Chicago		10
Cincinnati		17
ing horsemen	debrida whi and	extract filters -
Total	70	70

In the International pennant race the record shows the Alleghenys to be first, with Roche

CLUBS.	Allegheny	Buckeye	Live Oak	Manchester.	Maple Leaf	Rochester	Tecumseh.	Games won
Allegheny Buckeye Live Oak Manchester Maple Leaf Rochester. Tecumseh	0 1 1 1 1 0	2 0 2 1 3 2	2 4 2 0 1 0	1 0 1 0 0 2	1 1 0 2 - 3 2	1 1 0 0 0 - 1	100000	8637287
Games lost	4	10	9	4	9	4	1	41

The above record is up to July 8th. In the local contests for the championship of Prospect Park, in which the amateur clubs alone take part, the record up to July 8th is as

CLUBS.	Hudson	Osceola.	Nameless	Witoka	Putnam	Winona	Seneca	Lafayette	Borromeo	Games won.
Hudson Osceola Nameless Witoka Putnam Winona Seneca. Lafayette Borromeo	0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0	1 2 1 0 0 0 0 0	1000000	011100000	1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	1 2 1 1 0 0 0 0 0	0000000	1 1 0 0 0 0	1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 -	6 5 4 4 3 2 1 1 0
Games lost	1	4	2	3	4	5	1	4	2	26

THE CAMPHOR TREE.—One of the most use ful and magnificent productions of the vege-table kingdom that enriches China, and more particularly the provinces of Kiang-si and Canton, is the camphor tree. This stupendous laurel, which often adorns the banks of the rivers, was in several places found by Lord Amherst's embassy above fifty feet high, with its stem twenty feet in circumference. Chinese themselves affirm that it sometimes attains the hight of more than three hunlred feet and a circumference greater the extended arms of twenty men could em-

Camphor is obtained from the branches by steeping them, while fresh cut, in water for two or three days, and then boiling them till the gum, in the form of a white jelly, adheres to a stick which is constantly used in stirring the branches. The fluid is then poured into a glazed vessel, where it concretes in a few hours. To purify it the Chinese take a quantity of finely-powdered earth, which they lay at the bottom of a copper basin; over this they place a layer of camphor, and then another cousin Russ. Did you know that? Were you layer of earth, and so on until the vessel is nearly filled, the last or topmost layer being of They cover this last layer with the leaves of a plant called po-ho, which seems to

be a species of mentha (mint). They now invert a second basin over the You will believe I loved you when you first and make it air-tight by luting. whole is then submitted to the action of a regulated fire for a certain length of time, and On separating the then left to cool gradually. vessels, the camphor is found to have sublimed. and to have adhered to the upper basin. Repetitions of the same process complete its efinement. Besides yielding this valuable ingredient the camphor tree is one of the prinipal trees of China, and is used not only in uilding but in most articles of furniture. The wood is dry and of a light color, and although light and easy to work, is durable and not

TIME.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

I met an aged white-haired man
Upon the village road,
His step was slow, his back was bent
As if beneath a load;
His voice it hardly could be heard,
The man was past his prime:
Said I, "My friend, you ought to know—
Oh, tell me what is time!"

He paused upon his staff and felt
Within his pockets well;
He looked upon his watch, and said,
"I've got no time to tell."
Said I, "You've had much of it once,
And didn't save a bit?"
He answered, "I've had cords of time
But failed to bottle it.

"Tis something which fleet horses make
Upon the racing track;
It's sixty minutes to the hour
When watches don't go back;
It's something which you cannot see
Until it has gone o'er;
The creditor wants less of it—
The debtor he wants more.

"It has a very noiseless foot,
That's heavy on some hands,
Its wheel makes ruts across the brow
That much resemble bands.
It jerks you from the cradle, and
It sets you on your feet,
And then it knocks you down again
Whenever it thinks meet.

"I've passed time very many times,
Yet it I have not known.
The tailor brings you up to time
By making you come down.
Behind time I have often been,
And sometimes been ahead;
Like what your buttons are sewed with,
It is a slender thread.

"It passes as if it was greased,
"Tis gone but never goes.
It takes the bloom from off your cheek—
The nap from off your clothes.
"Tis said to be an aged man
But yet extremely lithe,
Who takes the hair all off your head
With his sharp-edged scythe.

"The almanacs are full of it The almanacs are full of it,
And jewelry shops, as well,
Some folks have so much time on hand
That they have some to sell.
Good-day, for time and I are short
And I must onward fare,
I've given you all the time I could,
And have no more to spare."

MORAL. The moral of this rhyme is plain To youth as well as man, Time's precious, therefore always take As much time as you can.

Schamyl,

THE CAPTIVE PRINCE:

The Cossack Envoy.

A Story of Russian Life and Adventure,

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ, AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE SWORD-HUNTERS," "CAVALRY CUSTER," ETC.

A STRANGE ENCOUNTER. As they gazed upon the battle its aspect began to change under the eyes of Ziska and his friend. The moving dots, sparkling with fire, resolved themselves into skirmishing horsemen slowly falling back toward the Cossacks, and with a glass one might perceive that some of them wore bright armor, flashing in the sun.

Presently a great cloud of dust came driving out of the battle, and in the midst of the dust a mass of wild horsemen was seen galloping at

out of the battle, and in the midst of the dust a mass of wild horsemen was seen galloping at full speed along the front of the Russian artillery, which began to play furiously. As it passed along, this mass began to string out into a long line of horsemen, all going at full speed, and the fire did not seem to have much effect on them, most of the shells flying overhead or bursting beyond them. This irregular clan of wild riders passed on, clearing the whole Russian front, and then Ziska could see what a very small comparative force had been holding them at bay. There seemed to be two battalions of infantry, dark and steady, and a single sotnia of Cossacks, with six guns, while the mass of

of mantal value and the constant of the enemy's horse was three or four times as large. Alexis Gogol was watching the battle with a grave, troubled face.

"There are very few of them, prince," he said, slowly, "and if they are killed it will be so many foes the less for the cause of progress and liberty."

so many foes the less for the cause of progress and liberty."

Ziska turned sharply on him.

"You are a Russian, I am not; but I cannot see soldiers slaughtered by savages. We at least are Christians. I shall help them."

As he spoke, the enemy's horsemen suddenly gathered together, gave a tremendous yell, and dashed at the flank of the battery of guns, regardless of the small square of infantry behind it. They charged in the most reckless style, yelling and shrieking, with a volley of pistol bullets flying ahead of them, and a moment later they were in among the guns, shooting right and left at the cannoneers.

Ziska hesitated no longer. He was that the Russians were overmatched by numbers, and their guns were silent for awhila. He waved his hand to his bugler, and the loud blare of the Cossack trumpet sounded the wild notes of the charge, far over the steppes. Then away went the whole regiment full speed after the rebels, taking them in rear as they were among the Russian guns.

Then indeed there was fighting. The enemy,

Russian guns.

Then indeed there was fighting. The enemy, as Gogol had said, seemed to be composed of Bashkir Tartars and wild Circassians, all Mos lems, all well-mounted, and all desperate fightlems, all well-mounted, and all desperate fighters. Taken by surprise as they were, and so beaten in advance, they nevertheless made a stubborn fight. The Tartars, however, were poorly armed, having little but sabers, and the long pistols of the Circassians were clumsy old-fashioned affairs, most of them emptied in the preceding charge, whereas the Cossacks carried the latest Russian breech-loading rifles and revolvers. The men were all used to shooting from the saddle like so many Indians, and it is not surprising that they made short work of the rebel horsemen.

Before they had been into the fight three minutes, the whole mass, pursuers and pursued, swept through the Russian lines, followed by a storm of bullets from the infantry squares, firing on friend and foe alike, and went hurtling out over the wide steppe, cutting, shooting and slashing at each other with the wild, aimless fury of their ancestors in the days of Djenghis Khan.

Khan.

Presently Ziska Hoffman came to his senses and found himself separated from his men in the midst of the enemy. How he came there he could not tell himself. He had headed the charge, full of excitement, had lost his coolness in the confused struggle, and now there he was, his horse at full speed, himself in the midst of a group of wild Circassians all going together.

Around him was a cloud of dust, and his companions did not seem to notice him or at least

Around nim was a cloth of this, and his com-panions did not seem to notice him or at least took him for one of themselves. He could see that while some wore armor, many more car-ried the same uniform as himself, that of the Cossacks of the Caucasus, a sort of cross on the Circassian dress. As soon as he realized this, Circassian dress. As soon as he realized this, the young correspondent began to pull at his horse gradually, so as to draw out of the dust and crowd. He could hear shots behind him, and the bullets of his own Cossacks were whistling in very dangerous proximity to his ears. Still he slowly checked his horse and began to draw out of the dangerous vicinity, when the shriek and roar of a shell passing through the air announced that the Russian guns were at work again, playing on the fugitives. In another minute the messenger of death burst right vowels.

ahead in the midst of a group of flying Bashkir Tartars and dashed men and horses, all gashed and maimed, in every direction.

Then you should have seen the riders scatter! A bursting shell in the midst of the oldest troops is a fearful visitation: among poorly-disciplined irregulars it is demoralizing in the extreme. There was a wild cry of panic, and the Tartars and Circassians calloped away in radiating lines There was a wild cry of paint, and the fartars and Circassians galloped away in radiating lines from the scene of the disaster. Ziska Hoffman found himself once more comparatively alone, and looked round for his own men.

There they were at least a mile off to the rear, and the dark, compact appearance of their body told they had rallied from the confusion of the charge and were re-forming their lines. But

and the dark, compact appearance of their body told they had rallied from the confusion of the charge and were re-forming their lines. But much nearer than them, and in fact between him and his command, was another body of troops, dark in garb, and mounted on horses all of one color. They were coming straight toward him, within two hundred yards, and Ziska's face blanched for a moment as he recognized that they were the true Caucasian Cossacks so called, really Circassians, the most desperate horsemen of the Russian army. They had seen him and were coming for him. Their compact, regular appearance showed that they were in perfect discipline, rather disdainful of their wild comrades who had fled. They were coming at an easy canter, and seemed to disdain to flee from the artillery though there was not more than a single sounia or squadron of them, all told. All this Ziska saw in a glance as well as that they must be mutineers from the Russian army. Then he set spurs to his horse and shot away diagonally across their front to get back to his own men.

to his own men.

The Caucasians continued at a canter, but three men rode out from the ranks, jumped off their horses and leveled their rifles. Away went Ziska full speed and just as he came opposite to the nearest corner of the enemy, the three rifles spoke out. The first sent a bullet whizzing by his head, the second ball struck the pommel of his saddle with a slap, the third messenger was more deadly than either, for the gallant little horse under him gave a convulsive throb, stumbled and came floundering down on its head, throwing Ziska out of the saddle on its head, throwing Ziska out of the saddle on

its head, throwing Ziska out of the saddle on the green steppe.

Instinctively the young man started to his feet and drew both pistols from his girdle; the next minute he was surrounded by the enemy in their long dark coats and black caps, while a dozen sabers waved above him.

Then he began to pull the triggers of his revolvers, and to his horror a faint click told him what he had forgotten, that he had thrown away all his charges in the excitement of the previous flight.

A grim Circassian rode at him, raising his saber, a second followed, and Ziska instinctively raised his empty revolvers to ward the blows.

Then he heard a sudden shout in the barbarous gutturals of Daghestan, and an old gray-bearded warrior struck up the sabers of his enemies

and called out:
"It is the prince himself! Save him, brothers!

Catch him up."

How the next thing happened Ziska was hardly conscious, but he felt two horses brush by him from the rear, and found himself seized by him from the air. A the arms and swung bodily up in the air. A moment later, he was riding along in the midst of the Circassians, a fresh horse having been placed under him, and was galloping away from

is friends, a prisoner.

The sensation was decidedly strange leasons, which the reader will understand

The sensation was decidedly straige. The reasons, which the reader will understand in due time, Ziska Hoffman understood the Circassian language and all that was said by his captors, but he nevertheless felt himself in an awkward predicament. It was obvious that he was mistaken for some one else.

Presently the old warrior he had noticed came up to his side, and Ziska had an opportunity of inspecting him closely. He was a tall, slender old man, with the peculiar slight, graceful figure of all Circassians. His waist was small, his shoulders of medium breadth, arms and legs long and sinewy, face of the true high-bred Caucasian type, that makes the mountaineers between the Caspian and the Black Sea the handsomest race of men and women in the world. His long, gray pointed beard flowed to his waist, and his large brown eyes lighted with affectionate pride as he looked at Ziska.

"My prince," he said, "to think that we were nearly killing the only hope of our race, rescued from the power of the accursed Russ, whom

from the power of the accursed Russ, whom may Allah confound at the last day! Praise to Allah, who has preserved us both. You do not know me, prince?"
"Well, no," said Ziska, in the language of the old man. "I don't remember clearly. You

"I am Hadji Moussa," said the old man, proudly. "I am the man who stood by Kasi Moollah when I was a boy, and heard his last words, 'No peace with the infidel while grass grows and water runs.' And we have it not."

Ziska looked doubtfully at Hadji Moussa "And yet the Tcherkess made peace with the

Hadji Moussa's eves blazed. "Ah, you mean when they seized the prophet, Schamyl, and made him swear peace. It was well, while he lived. The Tcherkess owed too much to their prophet to disobey his words while he lived. But he is dead and his sons are alive. We have hunted the wide world over

alive. We have hunted the wide world over for them. The Tcherkess are sworn to fight for the sons of Schamyl when they find them. And we have found one, praise to Allah."

Ziska Hoffman again looked doubtful.

"The Prince Schamyl is a prisoner in St. Petersburg," he said, slowly. "He, too, has sworn peace, and dare not break his word."

"But his brother has not," said the old warrior, eagerly. "Tell me, my lord, that it is not true."

And the whole aspect of the old man changed to one of intense anxiety and pleading.

Ziska Hoffman rode silently on for some mo-

They were still going at an easy gallop, but the Cossacks seemed to have ceased the pursuit, while the wild Tartars and Bashkirs in front while the wild fartars and basikits in front were beginning to slacken their pace and gather into groups. The little squadron of Circassians pulled up to a walk and proceeded more leisure-ly now, while Ziska answered the question of ly now, while Ziska answered the question of Hadji Moussa. "How should I know the intentions of the

rince?" he said, evasively.
Hadji Moussa frowned heavily, and spoke in

an angry tone:

"My lord, it is not for me to speak without reverence to your father's son, but remember that I was with him when he died at Medina, and that he charged me strictly to watch over and guard his sons Prince Hamet Schamyl and

"Say it not," interrupted Ziska, hastily. "That name is sacred to silence. In poverty and exile, wandering over land and sea, its own r has carried it in the dark, so that none know

where he is. Hadji Moussa, be you none the less discreet. There is no promise to the Russ."
Hadji Moussa's face cleared instantly.
"I knew it. We have not fought in vain.
Come thou, my lord, to the free hills of the Daghestani, and we will rouse the mountains for God and the prophet Schamyl, and cast the proud Russ into the sea. The Commander of the Faithful calls his children and the standard of the Prophet waves in the wind. No tried Moslem can stay behind."

Ziska looked troubled and doubtful. As they

rode on the blue hills before them had become distinct and one might see snowy peaks above, while far in the distance the scream of a locomotive could be heard.

Hadji Moussa pointed and laughed.

"See, my lord, yonder is Vladi-Kavkaz, the last station of the accursed Russ. To-morrow we shall be in the free hills." (To be continued—commenced in No. 380.)

EACH breeze that blows from the Danube brings to our ears the clash of resounding

In a Tight Box.

WAL, fellers, thar was times an' seasons, in the old days on the Mississip', when a galoot could git into a mighty tight box jest when he wa'n't expectin' it, if he didn't keep his eyes peeled. I was raftin' on the Wescons' in them days; an' we floated fifty string at a time down to xpeeled at St. Louis. arket at St. Louis.

to market at St. Louis.

Thar was pretty gay boys in some o' the gangs. The galoot what could stand up under the most tanglefoot, an' empty his six-shooter in the quickest time, was sure to be cock o' the walk. Some prided 'emselves on scientific carvin'; an' they alers had the respect o' the com-

"Wal, one night thar was seven ur eight gangs tied up at Rock Island; an' the boys mostly took the scows an' went over to Davenport fur a lark. Thar was a play to be exhibited; an' we might as well spend our money fur that as anything also

that as anything else.

Six men went from our crew, me among the rest. 1 was green at that kind o' life, then, bein' right off the farm; but I reckoned I could hold up my eend o' the plank. So settlin' my six-shooter an' carvin'-knife whar I could git at 'em handy on sudden eall, I went in to make a night

handy on sudden eall, I went in to make a light of it.

The play was like all other blood an' thunder plays; an' the boys yelled 'emselves hoarse when the hero got the villain in chancery an' larrupped him until the heroine begged him to let the poor devil go. Then we went down on the levee, to a low doggery whar throat-cuttin' was at a premium.

The ceilin' wa'n't more'n seven foot high, an' smoked blacker'n our raft galley, from the camphene lamps at the sides o' the room that you could scarcely see through the chimbleys.

When we got thar the room was chuck full, packed closer'n sardines in a box, about half an half raftsmen an' river-rats what hung round the town. If a raftsman tackled one o' them sharks, it was a long chance if he didn't git floored. It wa'n't healthy fur 'im if he showed any considerable sum o' money. They'd lay fur 'im outside: an' like's not he wouldn't be around to draw his pay no more.

outside: an' like's not he wouldn't be around to draw his pay no more.

Among the crowd was a little chap not more'n five foot high; but what he lacked in size he made up in looks—you wouldn't lose no money on that proposition! If there was a spot on his ugly mug that didn't have its scar, there was a bruise ur a fresh cut. He was lame in the right leg, an' two fingers was gone from the left hand—mementoes, I reckon, o' past scrimmages.

He was what 'u'd be called "all mouth" in any crowd; jest the kind of a galoot that's in hot water all the time.

hot water all the time.

He had already run afoul o' one or two, an' come nigh gittin' his face slapped—when a six-footer come boostin' through the crowd fur the bar. He wa'n't such a sassy leetle whelp as bother; so, when he pushed a man aside, he jest yot; an' you didn't hear a whimper out o' him, nuther! It was plain to be seen that, if ary galoct give any back jaw, he was jest the man what was goin' to git it knocked off in mighty short meter!

short meter!

The new-comer had a big black beard which didn't make him look any milder, fur rocks! He wore a gray woolen shirt, open at the neck so's to show a shaggy breast, with a black silk hand-kerchief knotted where it come together; an'his blue overalls was tucked into the tops o' rough, cowhide boots. On his head was a broad-brimmed, black felt hat.

There wa'n't nothin' peculiar about this rig. Perhaps a dozen more in the room was got up

brimmed, black felt hat.

There wa'n't nothin' peculiar about this rig.
Perhaps a dozen more in the room was got up in the same style—me, fur one. But every one didn't carry such a whoppin'n navy pistol as he had in his belt; an' his sheath-knife had a powerful hungry look about it, as if he was in the habit o' spittin' somebody with it every mornin' before breakfast, an' had missed that mornin'!

The stranger straddles up to the bar, plants himself with his feet wide apart, tips his hat onto the back of his head, chucks his hands down into his pockets, an' yells out:

"Hello, ole man! How air ye, anyhow?"

"Sick abed. How air yeou?" says the barkeeper, larfin', 'cause it was easier to larf than to git mad jest about that time o' day!

"Haw! Haw! Haw! Haw!" yelled the stranger, mighty tickled, as a drunken man sometimes is at jest nothin' at all.

"I say, ole man," he yells ag'in, "have ye got an'thin' to drink?"

"You bet, ole hoss!" says the barkeeper.

"What'll ye have?"

"Oh, it's your treat, then, is it? What'll I have? Le' me see! Brandy-smash! Trot 'er out, ole man!"

on, it's your creat, then, is it? What it's have? Le' me see! Brandy-smash! Trot 'er out, ole man!"

The crowd began to grin, to think he'd got it on the barkeeper; an' that individual began to git red in the face, a-hesitatin' what was best to

'Trot 'er out, ole man! I ain't in the habit o' callin' twice fur licker!" yells the stranger, wrathy all of a sudden; an' drawin' his sheath-knife, he jabbed it into the bar so's to make things jingle; an' I allow the p'int wa'n't fur

tnings Jingle; an I allow the pint wa'n't fur from goin' through the inch plank. Thar wa'n't no two sides to that question; so the whisky-slinger sot the required beverage out, gittin' a leetle white about the gills, an

out, gittin' a leetle white about the gills, an shaky in the knees, I reckon!
"That's done like a leetle man! Hyer's to long life; an' may yer canteen never give out!" says the stranger, tossin' off the smash like so

much water. "An' hyer's yer money," he added, plankin

"An' hyer's yer money," he added, plankin' it on the bar. "I mostly pays my way, I reckon; but when I says git, I wants a man to git, an' no words about it!"

Then he whirls round an' yells:
"Whoop! I allow I'm cock o' the walk in this hyer shebang! If ary man wants anything o' me, he can jest sail in lemons an' git squeezed!
Don't all speak to once, gentlemen! I'm yer huckleberry fur a rough an' tumble, a square stand up an' knock down, side holt, back holt, square holt, take an' ketch it, knife-stickin', ur pistol-shootin'! Does ary galoot call me! Don't

pistol-shootin'! Does ary galoot call me? Don't all speak to once! Whoop!"

An' he jumps up an' slaps his feet together, flourishin' his knife so's them anigh him give him all the characters. im all the elbow room he wanted, an' no mis-

"Whoop!" he yells ag'in, straddlin' toward the middle o' the room, an' everybody makin' way fur 'im, you bet! "Oh, reach fur me, somebody; fur I'm sp'ilin' fur a fight! Whoop! I'm the rampageous high-cock-alorum o' this hyer section o' country!" Now this hyer sort o' thing didn't seem to set well on the stomach o' the leetle chap that I told

ye about; so he ups an' growls out:
"The rampageous—fool o' this hyer section

"What's that, you yawp-mouthed leetle thelp?" yells the giant. "Chaw them thar rords, ur I'll whale the daylights out o' you, side o' two minutes!"
"I reckon if I chaw anything, it'll be your

ar!" says the leetle 'un, as sassy as ever.
You go an' put yer head to soak, you—"
But he didn't finish; fur the giant let drive a
oft-hander at him that he had to be spry to

Quicker'n scat he whips out a rib-tickler, that was a beauty in its way. Then he jumps fur the giant, with a snarl like a hungry hyena, an' strikes out spiteful, you bet a hoss! But it wa'n't no go. The giant ketched his wrist, an' whaled into him a lick that cut his heart plumb

Wal, that's jest the way that little feller acted. Oh, but he whaled, an' he flounced, an' he spun round an' round, like a parched pea on a hot griddle!

round an' round, hae a particule per out a largriddle!

I was standin' a-nigh him; so I ketched a-holt of 'im. But, gents, he was all over me in a minute, until I looked like a fust-class slaughterhouse! Then he give a screech like seventeen cats with their tails caught in the jamb o' the door, an' straightened out stiffer'n a mackerel! I helped carry him into a back room; an' then I begun to look around fur the boys; but thar wa'n't one of 'em in sight: so I set out to find my way back to whar the boat was.

It was twelve o'clock at night, an' blacker'n Egypt out; fur a fog had settled down since we went into the saloon. I didn't know hyer from nowhar: an' when I found the river at last I

went into the saloon. I didn't know hyer from nowhar; an' when I found the river at last I walked up and down the shore fur a mild but nary a boat did I find.

I colorated as how the boys had shoved off

walked up and down the shore fur a mild but nary a boat did I find.

I calculated as how the boys had shoved off an' left me behind, an' I'd have to stay on that side o' the river all night; so I'd better be huntin' some place to roost.

I didn't know nothin' about the lay o' the land; but I reckoned if I pushed back from the river I'd meet somebody as could tell me the way to a lodgin'-house. So I sot out; an' I allow I stumbled about that town a plumb hour before I struck a light; an'—would ye believe it?—I found myself back ag'in to that saloon!

I swore a few; but I didn't have time to say Jack Robinson before a hand was clapped onto my shoulder; an' then the bracelets clicked on my wrists before I seen who done it. Thar's somethin' mighty ticklish in the feel o' the cold steel, when you're in a strange place without nobody to back you; an' although I knowed I had-n't done nothing, I reckon I got white around the gills an' my voice shook some when I says, says I:

"What in thunder's the meanin' o' this?"

says I What in thunder's the meanin' o' this?' "What in thunder's the meaning of birst,"
"We'll mighty soon see, if you'll jest step in
hyer," says the galoot what had nabbed me.
I seen his blue uniform an' brass buttons an'
the star on his breast; an' then he waltzed me
into the saloon.

into the saloon.

"Have you got your meat already, Hank?" says the saloon-keeper, a-lookin' through the smoke to ketch a glimpse at me.

"I reckon this hyer's the bird," says the perlice. "You seen 'im. Am I right?"

"That thar's the galoot, so help me John!" says the whisky-slinger. "Whar in blazes did

lice. "You seen 'im. Am I right?"

"That thar's the galoot, so help me John!" says the whisky-slinger. "Whar in blazes did you pick him up so quick?"

"Right hyer at the door: I reckon he come to the funeral," says the perlice, chucklin'.

"Hold on, gents," says I, "thar's a mistake somewhar. I hain't the man you're after; I hain't done nothin'. It wasn't me that passed in the leetle 'un's checks fur 'im. I helped carry him into t'other room, after the big galoot what struck him had cleared out. This hyer's all a dog-gauned mistake, take my word," says I.

"Black hat, full beard, gray shirt, blue overalls tucked into boots, navy an' rib-tickler—I reck' we're all right," says the perlice. "An' jist look at the blood!"

There was only half a dozen left in the saloon, an' they an' the man behind the bar swore that I was the murderer; so it wa'n't no use fur me to talk. I was lugged off an' chucked into the jug, feelin' might queer, an' no mistake about it!

I had plenty o' time to think between that an' mornin', an' I reckon I lost some flesh. I was two hundred miles from home, an' not a friend in the world nearer, exceptin' the raft crew. Maybe they'd hunt me up, and maybe they wouldn't, because they was to start in the mornin', an' one hand less in that part o' the river wouldn't make much difference to 'em. Anyhow, if they didn't happen to see the stickin'—an' I didn't know when they left the Anyhow, if they didn't happen to see the stickin'—an' I didn't know when they left the saloon—I was a gone coon, with more'n half a dozen men ready to swear ag'in' me. Come to think of it, I did look a heap like the mur-

derer.

Wal, gents, I didn't have no appetite for breakfast, an' I did sweat some before nine o'clock, you bet! When I was took into the court-room, the fust thing I seen was all our boys waitin' fur me; an' you better b'lieve they looked handsome!—though I'd never set 'em down fur beauties before. I reckon I could '2' hugged' em all round!

'em down fur beauties before. I reckon I could 'a' hugged 'em all round!

They all swore that it wa'n't me; an' then another raft o' fellers steps up an' says that the big galoot an' the leetle chap both belonged to their gang, an' that they'd been quarrelin' an' fightin' ail the way down the river. That let me out, an' you'd better b'lieve I stood treat fur the boys, an' the other gang, too, with a mighty good will!

They never ketched the real murderer; but I

They never ketched the real murderer; but I always thought I escaped swingin' in his place by the skin o' my teeth!

Dick Larkin's Yarn.

BY OLL COOMES.

"WE war away up on the Yallerstone—Mike Kelly and me," said Old Dick Larkin, as we all sat around our glowing camp-fire ready for one of his usually lively yarns, "where we met with one of the 'tarnalest, aggravatin' advenwith one of the 'tarnalest, aggravatin' adventures one night, that it war ever my pleasure to narrate. Mike and me went out one day huntin' in the mountains. We wandered on and on, till fust thing we knowed we war miles from camp and night at hand. We pointed homeward, but, good conscience! we war ten miles out when darkness, blacker than it was before creation settled around he fait was before creation, settled around us. But we pushed bravely on with nothin' but our noses to guide bravely on with nothin' but our noses to guide us; and as Mike's proboscis had a peculiar glow—the effects of too much bug-juice—it gleamed gayly through the night. I don't think I ever felt a darker night in all my life; but we crowded on and on through it—over hills and valleys, until suddenly our attention was arrested by a slight noise before us. I halted Mike and ordered him to clap his hand over his nose and turn off the light.

"You see, boys, the sweet-scented Blackfeet war on the look-out for Caucasian hair to ornament their lodges with. Mike wore a splendid crop of ha'r that hadn't been disturbed by a comb since he'd sot foot in America; while I

ment their lodges with. Mike wore a splendid crop of ha'r that hadn't been disturbed by a comb since he'd sot foot in America; while I possessed locks that tempted the fingers of every red-skin that gazed upon them.

"We waited and listened, and listened and waited; but we heard nothin'. I war satisfied, howsomever, that thar war something bout that needed 'vestigation, and so I concluded to reconnoiter. I told Mike to remain whar I left him, and away I went. I had crawled around some distance from Mike when I suddenly felt a cold iron shoved into my phiziognomy, and heard a hot, fiendish voice hiss out: 'Halt, or die! Who comes?' I catched my breath and answered: 'Me.' 'Who's me, fool?' asked the fiend of the darkness. 'Old Dick Larkin,' says I; "who be you?' 'Zeb Krooser,' was the demon's answer. 'Shake, fiend,' says I, for Zeb I; "who be you? 'Zeb Krooser,' was the de-mon's answer. 'Shake, fiend,' says I, for Zeb Krooser and me war old friends that hadn't met for years. Well, we shook each other's paws till the brush rattled and the trees trimbled around us. Then we began comparin' notes and explainin' our situation, when all of a sudden an awful Ingin yell split the air, and was at once follered by the peculiar war-whoop of Mike Kelly. my Irish friend. I knowed to once what it meant: Mike war in a fight with a murderous Ingin.

"'Good Lord!' says I to Zeb, 'my Irish friend,

the giant, with a snarl like a hungry hyena, an' strikes out spiteful, you bet a hoss! But it wan't no go. The giant ketched his wrist, an' whaled into him a lick that cut his heart plumb in two!

When he seen that he'd fixed the little 'un, he straddled fur the door, sweepin' his knife right an' left, an' yellin':

"Cl'ar the track, thar! I'll cut the heart out o' ary doggoned fool that stands in my way!"

An', fellers, the look out o' them bloodshot eyes wa'n't noways mild, ur I'm a liar!

Nobody didn't seem partic'lar to git six inches o' cold steel into 'em; so they made a mighty wide track fur him, an' he dug out o' that lively.

Gents, did you ever wring the neck of a chicken an' then see it whaps around on the ground? 'Good Lord!' says I to Zeb, 'my Irish friend,

pressin' invitation to look arter Richard Larkin and Zebulon Krooser. Wal, boys, to cut a short story shorter, we escaped the Blackfeet, and in a couple of hours found ourselves back s'archin' for Mike Kelly and Red Hoss. We hunted and hunted; and called and called, but no Irishman or Ingin responded. We had to give 'em up and wait fur daylight. Soon as the sun popped over the east we war astir. We went to whar the fight begun. Thar we found blood, ha'r and pieces of garments. A bloody trail led down the steep hillside whar they'd rolled in each other's deadly embrace. We follered this track of blood to its eend. But when thar we war surprised to find no dead bodies. Not a vestige of a man, save pools of blood, all black and coagulated, could we find. We give 'em up as dead and devoured, hide and ha'r, by the wolves.

"'Poor Mike!' said I; 'it is sad to be extarminated by em wards' yet vour eventy when

""Poor Mike!' said I; 'it is sad to be extarminated by one who's not your enemy, when one word might 'a' saved all. Mike was a good soul. He possessed some virtues and many faults. He was as brave as a lion, sharp as a rations. He was as brave as a non, snarp as a razor on the trail, and spoke well of his native land. He was also a good shotand a royal good companion—full of fun and wit; but he would drink liquor to excess; and I firmly believe that if he was dying, and had half an hour to confess his sins or play a game at cards, he'd take the cards. Oh, snakes! but he does love a deck of cards? of cards.

"'Just like my companion, Red Hoss,' said Zeb, tellin' the vartues of his friend; 'he war an Zeo, telim' the vartues of his friend; 'ne war an Ingin—a Pawnee—and a braver warrior never kicked his squaw. But he could be civilized in only three things: drinkin', playin' cards and chawin' tobacco. I've see'd him drink a gallon of fire-water without takin' breath; and I've see'd him play cards when besieged by enemies—when the bullets of the latter'd actually pluck the service with the service of the latter'd actually pluck. when the offices of the later of actuary places the cards outen his fingers. Poor Red Hoss?

"'Brave souls!'said I, gravely; 'they're gone to their final rest. They'll never drink nor play, nor chaw again in this world.

"'Never,' said Zeb, sadly.

"Then we sot down and wept for the department of the department of the department of the same of the same

then we so down and welp for the departed, and arter we'd dried our tears, we marked the place whar they died and carved their names on a big stun. Then I invited Zeb to go home withme, and away we went, sad enough. When we come in sight of my cabin, what was my surprise to see smoke issuing from the chimney. It told me that intruders war thar, makin' free with my downighted and so for for of dayager. with my domicile; and so, for fear of danger, we waited till darkness set in, when we crawled down to the back of the cabin and peeped in at a hole in the wall. The room was lit up with a fire on the hearth, and in the glow of that fire—Well, who do you think we see'd?"

"A band of Blackfeet," said a dozen of our pearty.

"A band of Blackfeet," said a dozen of our party.

"Blackfeet be blowed!" continued old Dick, contemptuously: "it war that infernal Mike Kelley, with his face all chopped up, one of his eyes black, and swelled shut, his head bandaged and his nose shinin' like a lobster, settin' thar with my jug by his side, playin' cards."

"What alone?" exclaimed a comrade.

"No, sir; that murderous Ingin, Red Hoss, with his nose split, an ear off and a lacerated throat, sot there playin' with him: and that the ornery demons, over whom Zeb and me'd shed barrels of tears, and to whose memory we'd

ornery demons, over whom Zeb and me d shed barrels of tears, and to whose memory we'd 'rected a monument, war cheatin' each other like Satan, was evident from the fact that Mike had three aces and a king hid in the sling that supported a fractured arm; while Red Hoss had three kings and an ace stuck at the back of his neck, which he removed or supplied as the occasion demanded, under pro-tense of rubbin' his head, from which Mike had, in the fight, yanked off a slice of skulp." A roar of laughter burst from the lips of our party.

"Well, what did you and Zeb do?" asked one of the party.

of the party.

"Resolved to go in the cabin and extarminate the two ornery, ungrateful vagrants," replied Dick.

"And did you do it?"

"We didn't kill 'em; but we sot down and jist skinned 'em out of their eyes at a few games of old sledge."

Ripples.

BETWEEN Khersor and Schwerin, there's a vast amount of profanity going on all over Europe just at present.

AFTER a boy is tired out hoeing potatoes, othing seems to rest him more than to dig over a few square rods of greensward in search of bait.

"My luck," exclaimed a Bohemian, "is so atrociously bad, that I believe if I were to invest in some soap, washing would go out of fashion to-morrow."

PROBABLY one of the most trying times in a man's life is when he introduces his second wife, seventeen years old, to his eldest daughter, who is past twenty.

SNOOPS says if you wish to recollect a man's name about these days go security for his house-rent. For keeping your memory fresh there is nothing like this plan. A MUSIC publisher has issued "The White Whale March." We should like to see a white

whale march. There must be a considerable blubber in such a performance A BOY who fell into the Mohawk clung to a pail of milk that he was carrying, and seemed

astonished when, on being rescued, he saw that the milk was mixed with water. WHEN you stand at a gate with a pretty rirl and the moon is shining too brightly for issing, ask her to fix your necktie, which will require you to stoop and her to stand on tip-

It makes a man feel mean enough to bite is coat buttons off to discover that, when the collection-box is only two seats away, he has left his purse in the hip pocket of his everyday pants.

SomeBody remarks that young ladies look on a boy as a nuisance until he is past sixteen, when he generally doubles up in value each year until, like a meerschaum pipe, he is price-

THEY were at a dinner party, and he remarked that he supposed she was fond of eth-nology. She said she was, but she was not very well, and the doctor had told her not to

eat anything for dessert except oranges. At this season of the year there is something discouraging to the heaven-born genius which despises conventionalities, in the specta cle of the man who wears a winter hat and endeavors to secure the recognition of his

affecting the closest intimacy with great men they dare not speak to, that they would speak of Jim and Jack, the sons of Zeb, and talk easily about Jack, the Baptist, and Mat, the

publican. A NEVADA editor returns thanks for two eaglets laid upon his desk, and says: "They are curious-looking things—little tufts of snowwhite down, just like ladies' powder puffs; but the unmistakable eagle's head crops out in the proper place."

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "Love," said he, "I am like the prodigal son; I shall reform by-and-by." "I will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father.